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Christopher Hird

The political economy of beer

Election Odds: the state of the parties

Peter Kellner analyses the new shape of the Labour electorate

Mark Kidel

Bob Dylan

Alex Cockburn

California's tax rebels

Hermione Lee

Menstruation

The State of Italy

It is not every day that a Western European state loses its President-to-be in a terrorist outrage. But nor is it every day that the same state loses its actual President in a wave of scandal. It would be a mistake to assume that democracy is more threatened by the first thing than by the second. Certainly, when Richard Nixon was driven at length from office, few observers were content to talk merely of fiscal offences and lapses of honesty. A whole nexus of intrigue against political opponents, of conspiracy against foreign governments, of abuse of the state security system, was also taken into consideration. Yet in the case of Leone, much of the comment has echoed the line of the Italian establishment – as if to say that one deposition will do duty for a whole epoch of bad government.

It is difficult to disagree with the Italian socialist daily *Il Manifesto* when it writes that the Leone period was 'the worst Presidential mandate in the history of the Italian Republic'. Assent to this view does not confine itself to the issue of corruption. Of course, Leone expected to leave office much richer than the day he attained it. Of course, he extended this benison to his close relatives and in particular his wife and his sons. Of course, he used diplomatic contacts to grease the connecting wheel between politics and economics. Italians have lost the capacity to be surprised by that class of allegation.

What is far more important is the fact that he presided over Italy's deterioration into the 'war of all against all'. Before the Red Brigades were on every lip, at least 40 Italians had died at the hands of fascist elements who were later shown to be on intimate terms with the police. When Leone tried to present his condolences to the survivors of one such outrage, he was greeted with yells of 'thief, go home!'.

And not by accident. During his period of office he had sent birthday greetings to one general imprisoned for a coup d'etat plan. He had tried to protect another from the attentions of an 'over enthusiastic' magistrate. He had remained more or less serene while Prince Valerio Borghese plotted his coup.

Even worse, the Leone presidency was the time when the Valpreda case (involving a frame-up of leftists for right-wing bombings committed with police complicity) was at its height. Here, more than all the other shady operations combined, was the episode which discredited the law and the authorities in the eyes of many Italians. Inquiry has shown that the secret service head, Admiral Henke, had known all along who the real culprits were, but had protected them. Henke was promoted by Leone to be Chief of the Armed Forces.

The Italian press is not much better than the British when it comes to sensational coverage of serious matters, so it is not surprising that 'our Rome correspondents' have dwelt on the fact that Madame Leone could be seen dripping with jewels, or the revelation that junior members of the Leone family were promoted beyond their abilities.

The undesirable ingredient in those stories is not their vulgarity or even their pathos. It is the fact that a buffoon has been found expendable; that he has gone, without a protest, to appease the compromise between the Communists and the Christian Democrats, and that what Romans call 'the ministerial waltz' can now continue. Public cynicism about democracy in Italy has been given more to feed upon. It was Pier Paolo Pasolini, himself no stranger to the underside of Italian life, who said that: 'Italy is a country which is both ridiculous and sinister: the faces of its potentates are comic masks vaguely stained with blood'. But apparently there is not enough fear and loathing in the end of Leone to interest the jaded 'friends of democracy' who are so voluble about consequences and so short on analysis.

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Notes on Politics and Power

Unrestrained sales at Aldershot

Duncan Campbell writes: The British Army has just started its biennial two week festival. The opening shots were fired at Army Equipment Exhibition 1978, which opened on Monday at Aldershot. The exhibition is morbidly bizarre; one of the odder features is that, perhaps unlike every other military lobby, those participating have no clear rationale about what they are doing – or why.

The international sale of armaments from Britain – much of it nationalised and the rest under an acceptable ministerial umbrella – now goes by the popular euphemism of 'defence sales'. A 400-strong department organises such festivities as BAEE78. Their front man during Monday's press conference was Major-General Beech, Master General of the Ordnance. He fell to the first googly at the press conference, when supporters of the Campaign against the Arms Trade made the obvious comments on the unpleasant and awkward juxtaposition of the United Nations Special Session on Disarmament and the Army Exhibition.

The General did not seem to have any great faith in the immense good of defence sales. 'We're all children of our time. We should be seen in the light of that by our successors.' The contradictions were problems for the government and not for him. Save for alleged savings in a few items in the UK defence budget, he had little to profer in defence of himself and his colleagues.

Prime Minister Callaghan, on a recent visit to UNSSD, has urged 'restraint'. The Defence Sales Organisation is anything but restrained. In terms of visiting generals and suchlike, the show is larger than ever. The official list of visitors is confidential, but details are circulated to exhibitors. The list of visiting officials from overseas is vastly longer than for the previous (and first) Army show in 1976. Some 900 places are allocated to almost 90 countries – a dramatic increase.

South Africa and its satellites, Chile, the Warsaw Pact and friends like Angola, Mozambique and Afghanistan are obviously banned. But many other nasty South Americans who did not appear in 1976 are here now – although it is impossible to discover whether by accident or design.

From perusal of the rest of the list, covering almost every third and forth rate power around the globe, its seems that British restraint in arms selling amounts to dragging virtually every defence attaché in London to the show if no-one else is willing or able to come. What exactly *is* the Sultan of Oman's Director of Royal Music Band, or the Bahamas High Commissioner seeking to find? Not to mention twelve officers from Qatar who must represent a sizeable proportion of the emirate's officer corps.

Lords caught in price ring

Patrick Wintour writes: The chairman of the Conservative Party, Lord Thorneycroft has just had a fortunate escape. Last Thursday Jeff Rooker, the Labour backbencher, tried to raise in the Commons Thorneycroft's involvement, since 1969, as chairman of Pirelli General, in an unlawful price fixing ring operating against the Post Office. The four companies concerned, who had been operating the ring between 1965 and 1974 had, at the beginning of the week, agreed to pay back £9m. of the public's money. Over those nine years the Post Office, unaware of the cartel's existence, has spent £500m. on cables. Rooker went to great lengths with the clerks to phrase an early day motion that allowed him under parliamentary rules to 'reflect on the character of a member of another place.' However, the Speaker, George Thomas ruled Rooker out of order, thus seeming to protect company chairmen inside the House, while leaving their counterparts outside as fair game. A pertinent point, in that the other leading figures in the ring were also Lords – something that Jeff Rooker did not know.

Their Lords (clockwise from top left) Thorneycroft, Watkinson, Caccia and Aldington.

The dominant company in the ring was British Insulated Callender's Cables, whose vice chairman was at one time Lord Watkinson, last year's President of the CBI and a former Tory Cabinet Minister. He was a director of BICC between 1968 and 1977. The other two companies concerned were Telephone Cables, a subsidiary of GEC whose vice-chairman is Lord Aldington, a former vice chairman of the Conservative Party and also Standard Telephone and Cables, a subsidiary of ITT whose chairman since 1968 has been Lord Caccia, a former Head of the Diplomatic Service. In other words, some of Britain's leading advocates of the market mechanism.

The ring which has been in existence since 1965 emerged a few months after the start of a Monopolies Commission inquiry into insulated electric wires and cables. Not the first operated against the Post Office, the ring involved collusion on pricing and co-operation between companies in the ordering of the submission of tenders to the Post Office. The Restrictive Practices Court ruled against the ring in November 1975. The chairman of the Post Office at the time, Sir William Ryland, then had to battle with the four companies to let accountants look at their books, the only means whereby the Post Office could win fair compensation out of court.

Lord Thorneycroft said of the cartel last week that it might have been devised to secure stability and employment in the industry. The explanation tallies poorly with his resignation as Chancellor in 1958 over high levels of public expenditure, and even less well with his remarks in the House of Lords in 1974, when he said that it was 'certain that the ruthless exploitation of monopoly in industrial action could bring even the greatest nation to its knees.'

Still less, perhaps, with his articles in the *News of the World* this April, saying that Britain's problem is that 'we are showing ourselves to be quite incapable of facing competition . . . the real attack on authority in Britain is that it has ignored the collapse of management control in public and private enterprise alike, and ceased to interest itself in rewards for greater effort.'

Zimbabwean students: refugees or UK citizens?

Anna Coote writes: On Monday 21-year-old Zimbabwean Israel Chabikwe learnt that he would not, after all, be deported for outstaying the time limit attached to his passport. Mr Justice Rubin of the Inner London Crown Court took the view that since Chabikwe was a member of ZANU, the banned party of Robert Mugabe, his life would be in danger if he returned to Rhodesia – 'hardship . . . out of all proportion to the gravity of the offence he has committed'. It was good news for other supporters of ZANU and ZAPU. It also raised an intriguing question about the constitutional position of all Zimbabweans in Britain.

When Ian Smith announced UDI, the British government dissolved the Rhodesian parliament and declared direct rule. Rhodesians thus became British citizens. But since the Labour government did not wish to play host to supporters of the rebel regime, George Thomson, the minister responsible, made a statement in the House of Commons on 17th June 1968, to the effect that Rhodesians who were friendly to Smith would not be welcomed in Britain.

In 1975 the National Union of Zimbabwean Students worked out a deal with the UK government whereby approximately 1,800 black students were allowed to come to Britain to pursue their studies. Israel Chabikwe was one of them. Most arrived with Rhodesian passports, which are not recognised by the UK. Although they were technically British citizens, they were not given regular British passports. Some got small slips of paper attached to their illegal passports, stating how long they were allowed to stay (usually a renewable term of three to 12 months). Others were given British passports with a special stamp inside which said that in accordance with the House of Commons statement of June 17 1968, they were subject to the UK Immigration Rules.

It is highly unlikely, of course, that many of the students admitted to Britain in 1975 were friendly to the Smith regime. Chabikwe, for one, had been arrested by Smith's police and interrogated for three days about his allegiance to ZANU. Since George Thomson's statement referred specifically to pro-Smith

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Rhodesians, it seems a particularly cynical manoeuvre to use it as a pretext for subjecting black Zimbabweans to the Immigration Rules.

It was not until the beginning of this year that the Home Office began picking up the students and accusing them of staying in Britain illegally. The NUZS knows of some 25 who have recently been threatened with deportation. This coincides with the latest negotiations for an internal settlement with Smith.

The Chabikwe case has averted the danger of sending back those who can prove they would face imprisonment or execution. Apparently the British government has been trying to get them classed as refugees. However, under the UN Convention a nation cannot give official refugee status to its own citizens. So if the government's move succeeds, what would be the nationality status of other Zimbabweans?

Burying a socialist policy

Denis Howell and Ken Marks, Labour ministers at the Department of the Environment used some traditional committee-room skills last week to make sure that a new document on socialist environmental policies won't reach the Labour Party conference delegates for whom it was intended. The execution was done at a meeting of the party's Environment Study Group of June 14. The document for Conference bore many marks of the Socialist and Environment Resources Association's thinking: understandably, because SERA provided several of the study-group's members.

Toiling through the winter months, the group produced a radical document. Policy should 'emphasise the relevance of environmental issues to working-class life', seek secure employment within a better environment, and 'fight against the shallow acquisitive goals and values of society'. Howell, Marks and the group chairman Lena Jeger thought that with an election coming up, self-congratulation was more what the party needed. Calling a meeting at short notice, they found that most of the SERA members had other engagements. The minutes recorded that members felt that 'the Statement did not include enough material on the excellent record of the Government.' They voted it should be scrapped, and a new one drawn up.

Oxford rules philosophy

Tim Albert writes: To what extent is it desirable – tolerable, even – for a single institution to dominate a particular discipline? The question is raised by a remarkable piece of research in the latest *Higher Education Review*, analysing the extraordinary dominance of Oxford in philosophy teaching. Mrs. Jenifer Meynell, researcher in education at Leicester University combed the appointment records back to 1938. She found that in every year sampled the largest group of professional philosophers were those with at least one Oxford degree. The proportion rose from two-fifths just before the war, to two-thirds in the twenty years after 1945, and reached 68 per cent in 1953: gradually falling to 50 per cent by 1973. Less than one-third of university teachers generally have an Oxford degree. Oxford dominance among professors reached 80 per cent in 1968.

Mrs Meynell argues that excellence alone is an unlikely cause, since Cambridge has significantly lower figures, despite the fact that 'of the really great philosophers of this century, Russell, Moore and Wittgenstein all taught at Cambridge, and Popper at London. Oxford has been the home of the second rank.'

She says that 'another possible explanation is that Oxford was the centre or the home of linguistic philosophy, which rose quickly in the post-war period to be the dominant approach to the subject in Britain . . . and it is at least worth noticing that the establishment of 'centres of excellence', especially in arts subjects, may lead to the exclusion of all but a single approved approach.'

Godfrey Hodgson: The price of SALT: a new war in Africa?

Washington. Henry Kissinger invented the idea of diplomatic 'linkage': meaning that if the USSR wanted something from the US, such a grain supplies, or detente, then it must be paid for with concessions to US opinion in other areas. It was an idea the seraphic doctor was always willing to drop when convenient, but it has now come back to face President Carter with a terrible dilemma. Briefly – as Nelson News reported here on 9 June – there are powerful forces in the US Senate capable of blocking the ratification of a new SALT treaty with the Soviet Union. It now looks more and more as though the only way for the Administration to persuade marginal members of the Senate to come its way may be to take a tough anti-Cuban line in Africa. And that could start a process which would destroy the whole 'liberal' approach built up by Carter and Andy Young – and, incidentally, wreck policies on which our own Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary have staked much of their credit.

Few people would go so far as one friend of mine in the State Department who prophesied that within a year America will be involved in an African war against the Cubans. But Washington is as uneasy now as it was in 1967, during the great plunge into South-East Asia. Liberal Senators are deeply suspicious of the Administration's good faith over Africa: conservative ones profess alarm at Carter's supposedly 'desperate' desire to get a SALT agreement.

The fact is that the Administration could sign a SALT treaty now. There are details to be worked out, but the Soviet will is there: something which in itself rouses the Senate hawks. But there is no hope of ratifying a treaty this year, and serious doubt whether it could be done before the President faces re-election in 1980. Ratification takes two-thirds, and the treaty's opponents, led by Henry 'Scoop' Jackson, hold two high cards.

The first is that in course of negotiations the Carter Administration has had to accept a weaker position than it secretly promised the Senate it would do. The agreement now available *includes* the US Cruise missile, but *excludes* the Soviet Backfire bomber.

As such, Carter's men have admitted in further secret hearings, it would be 'inequitable'. The second is the general deterioration in US-Soviet relations resulting from Cuban operations in the Horn, putatively – though not actually – in Zaire, and perhaps some time soon in Rhodesia or Namibia (not to mention the coup in Afghanistan, the Orlov trial, and the arrest of Americans on espionage charges in Moscow.

Jimmy Carter has thrown his full commitment behind a US effort to get the white minorities in Southern Africa to accept black majority rule. Indeed, his people have consistently been in front of their British partners. But that forward policy has been possible only because in Southern Africa they were acting outside the full glare of US domestic politics. Really, there have been two separate issues perceived: 'Southern Africa', a technical issue kept firmly in the hands of officials committed to black majority rule, and 'Africa', a piece of shorthand for the paranoia engendered by the presence of a few thousand Cuban soldiers in a continent of 300 million people.

Now the danger is that the two issues will merge. If Joshua Nkomo, or SWAPO in Namibia, were to find the whites entirely resistant, and were to seek Cuban help then whatever the rights and wrongs of the situation, the damage in Washington will have been done. The real, complex and deadly problems of reaching a solution in Southern Africa will become, for most of the US media and much of Congress, part of a Manichean world struggle.

The issue will no longer concern individual politicians, parties or even countries. After the great post-mortems over 'losing' China and 'losing' South-East Asia, the question will be: 'Who lost Africa?' Southern Africa will become too dangerous to leave to the Africans, or to Andy Young and his Africanists. It will become the arena in which the President will have to demonstrate the machismo of his anti-Communist vigilance: in which he will have to earn his right to sign a SALT treaty.

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Patrick Wintour: Discordant noises among music-makers

Trevor Lyttleton: scourge of the PRS

Twenty-three MPs and two peers are demanding a Department of Trade enquiry into the affairs of the Performing Rights Society – which collects the royalties for composers when their works are performed. The demand – in a letter to Tuesday's Guardian – comes the day after the General Manager of the PRS, Michael Freegard, abandoned on the steps of the courthouse a libel action against one of the PRS's lesser members, Trevor Lyttleton, a composer of incidental music. Mr. Freegard has agreed to pay Mr Lyttleton's costs without receiving any apology, settlement or retraction even though Mr Freegard felt he had been accused by Mr Lyttleton – in the magazine Music Week, in July 1976 – of acting 'improperly, dishonestly and secretively in and about the discharge of his business.'

The inquisitive mind of Mr Lyttleton has been on the trail of PRS since 1976. His interest in PRS (though harassed PRS executives would probably describe it as closer to an obsession) was first aroused by PRS's sketchy accounts. He was particularly struck by the size of administrative expenses – £2.9 million in 1976, compared with total income of £21m – and by loans of £152,866 to unnamed senior executives. Since then the courts, parliament, the specialist music and financial press and indeed most of the music world have played host to the row between PRS and Mr. Lyttleton. By now the documentation would make even the most copious historian blanch. In March this year the trade secretary Mr Clinton-Davies told the House of Commons he did not have sufficient evidence to order an investigation.

A virtual monopoly, limited by guarantee and thus without shareholders, the PRS holds the purse strings of every British composer. Lyttleton's concern was the way in which the PRS executive refused to reveal details of what they did with the members' money and the lengths to which they went in order to entrench their own control of that money by restricting voting rights to a tiny proportion of the 10,000 membership.

Mr Freegard has explained his retreat over the libel action by citing the government's decision in March not to investigate the PRS, saying that there is now no point in airing the issue in court. However it is unlikely that Mr Clinton-Davies was commenting on the libel case, thereby opening himself to charges of breaching sub judice. Mr Freegard cannot plead poverty – the typical restraint on pursing a libel – since he persuaded the PRS council to pay all the costs.

Mr Lyttleton, a former solicitor and founder of Contact, an old people's charity, joined PRS in 1971, and discovered that 86 per cent of the members had no right to vote or receive accounts. Moreover no one knew who was enfranchised through full membership and who was not. The PRS's General Council – effectively the board of directors – elected the voting members, the voting members elected the council and only the council knew who the voting members were, thereby making it somewhat difficult to campaign inside PRS. At the beginning of 1976, with support from some major pop composers, Mr Lyttleton sought to extract the voters list. On 10 June 1976, he was told the council had not even discussed his request but at the annual general meeting that month he extracted from the chairman a vague promise to look at the franchise. Days after his criticisms of the PRS leadership appeared in Music Week in July he received Freegard's libel writ.

Undaunted, Lyttleton engaged the solicitors Freshfields to ask PRS about the loans, the franchise and the administration expenses. After a little help, PRS clammed up and said they would answer further questions only if Lyttleton would pay for them. He then tried a mail shot of all the 10,000 members to canvass support for an independent review and received 1,100 favourable replies. PRS's own circular canvassing support for their voting proposals at the end of the year received only 600 replies.

In the run up to the 1977 AGM Lyttleton went to the courts on 3 June to secure a list of the voters. PRS argued that legally they were not authorised to release the list and anyway since they selected as voters the professionals who made a large amount of money from PRS, it would involve a breach of confidence. The court disagreed. It ordered PRS to hand over the list. PRS then appealed and in so doing delayed any possible release of the register until after the AGM. With only the Council being able to campaign, it was not very surprising to see them all re-elected.

PRS then went on the counter attack and called an Extraordinary General Meeting in November 1977 where they put their own voting proposals increasing the franchise from 13 to 54 per cent of the membership. But they weighted the votes so that big earners received as much as 20 votes; 701 of the 5,400 voters thus had control. Calling an EGM became harder still as the support of 5 per cent of the electorate was needed: 550 signatures under the new voting system instead of 55 before.

At the appeal, the court decided the PRS were not obliged to hand over the names on the voting list but there was nothing to stop them doing so. After 11 months of litigation and stalling by PRS, the courts had reached their judgement by a simple reading of the PRS constitution. In the face of the adverse publicity and Lyttleton's insatiability, the PRS seem to have finally lost their nerve. The libel has been dropped and the council have decided to recommend to the membership at the next AGM that the list should be unveiled, though the court said it was already within the council's discretion to publish the list.

What of the loans to the senior executives and their rates of interest? Again Lyttleon's pressure has flushed out some details. Three senior officers had house mortgages at market rates totalling £73,500 (Mr De Freitas, the former head of their legal department and now a consultant to PRS accounted for £56,000 of this figure). One officer had a bridging loan for £10,000 at 9½ per cent. In 1976 eight executives were receiving interest free loans totalling £27,513 though since Lyttleton this practice has been quietly dropped. In the same year, 1976, two officers had what were ingeniously described as self-repaying loans totalling £32,300. These too were interest free since the 10 per cent interest was paid by PRS on the grounds that the two executives had forgone salary increases that had apparently been recommended for senior executives by PA Management Consultants in 1975. The consultants' report has never been published. Nor does there seem to be much evidence of forbearance in the settlement of the PRS's top salaries. In 1974 the two highest salaries were between £17,500 and £20,000; in 1977 between £25 000 and £27,500. The chairman of PRS commenting on these loans of members' money said no senior officers had been 'specially favoured'. Yet it is quite obvious from the information provided by PRS themselves, that the senior officers have been given special treatment over the 500 other employees and that two men in particular, Mr Freegard and Mr De Freitas, have been helped most of all. Neither the courts nor the under-secretary at the Department of Trade said anything to vindicate this kind of financial dealing.

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Anna Coote: Lining up the Boys for the Better Paid Jobs

The examination season is upon us and students are once again being syphoned off into separate and unequal jobs. The pattern will be much the same as in previous years: boys will take exams in physics, maths and metalwork while girls go in for cookery, biology and English. In other words, boys are being lined up for the jobs which have higher pay and better prospects. And while industry is crying out for more skilled engineers, fifty per cent of this year's school leavers have already been programmed out of the running. Last summer 12,400 boys and 51 girls took 'O' level in metalwork.

The Sex Discrimination Act was supposed to outlaw unequal treatment in education. Yet two and half years after it came into force, there is still massive and widespread discrimination against girl students. Most schools have consistently flouted the law. Those which have not been technically in breach of it have certainly defied its intention. And nobody with any power has tried to stop them. While they persist, they will make nonsense of any law to enforce equal opportunity at work. The country is full of nurses, shop assistants, waitresses and clerical workers who would have made excellent doctors, administrators, electricians and airline pilots, if only they'd been brought up to believe themselves suitable and had taken the right exams.

A booklet published today* points out that not one single complaint of sex discrimination in education has reached the courts to date. By comparison, 199 cases of discrimination at work have been heard by industrial tribunals, of which 39 have succeeded.

One obvious problem is that parents who want to take action on behalf of their children must go through a long, complex, intimidating and potentially costly procedure. Parents who are not deterred by that may still be reluctant to make trouble if their daughters are doing reasonably well at school; and if they are not, the last thing they want is to incur the wrath of the teachers (of whom, no doubt, they have retained an unhealthy awe from their own school days). Most girls are anxious not to be made conspicuous by litigious parents: our education system encourages such conformity that it is quite enough of a cultural leap for a girl to *want* to study woodwork or play football with the boys. One mother and daughter have started proceedings against a secondary school in Croydon which has forbidden girls to join classes in woodwork, metalwork and design technology. Meanwhile hundreds of similar cases are going unchallenged because parents don't consider it worth the fuss.

The author of the booklet, Harriet Harman, warns that segregation of the sexes into separate classes in co-educational schools may not turn out to be illegal. The Department of Education and Science and the Equal Opportunities Commission take the view that providing separate facilities for each sex is not necessarily discriminating as long as the facilities are equal. 'But this has to be watched very carefully. Woodwork does not "equal" domestic science! One provides a training for unpaid housework and the other can lead to a skilled apprenticeship.'

The DES has effected a neat about-face – from concern to complacency. It confessed mournfully in its Survey 21, 1975: 'The prevailing picture is of traditional assumptions being worked out through the curricular patterns of secondary school, and of support for or acceptance of these patterns by the majority of teachers, parents and pupils'. Two years later it felt able to declare cheerfully in its Green Paper that 'distinctions between what boys study and what girls study are disappearing and in many schools both are now educated for shared domestic responsibilities, including the responsibilities of future parenthood.' That is a long way from the truth. Last summer almost ten times more girls than boys took CSE in 'domestic subjects'.

The DES places a heavy responsibility on teachers to 'evaluate the curriculum to provide equal access to experience, information and guidance'. Yet it makes no effort to see that teachers are trained to carry out their new responsibilities. The content of most teacher training courses still tends to reinforce traditional attitudes. Patterns of employment among teachers echo the sex stereotypes which shape their pupils' ambitions: women teach younger children and 'feminine' subjects while men dominate the senior jobs. Only two-fifths of head teachers are women.

A rule established by the Burnham Committee used to ensure that deputy headships were reserved for women in schools with male head teachers (and vice versa); in 1976 the EOC challenged the rule before an industrial tribunal and got it abolished. Such misdirected jousting has characterised the EOC's work in the education field. Its one and only formal investigation took well over a year to find out that schools in Tameside were not discriminating unlawfully at a time when political battles over the 11-plus hopelessly obscured the issue.

The EOC has pursued an elitist approach, favouring high-level discussion and backroom leverage to public confrontation in court. It may have succeeded in changing practice in a few schools and impressed the educational establishment with its tact, but it has failed to make sex discrimination in schools a matter of public concern.

**Sex Discrimination in School: How to Fight it, by Harriet Harman, 75p from NCCL, 186 Kings Cross Road, London WC1.*

Duncan Campbell: Rees on Terror Sales

The government has now replied to back-bench questions about the open sale of detailed US military manuals on home made booby-traps and other terrorist devices. In the meantime, the Anti-terrorist Squad of Scotland Yard has not been idle.

In recent weeks, they have carried out about fifteen dawn raids on assorted libertarians in the London area, in pursuit of further arrests in a case of 'conspiracy to cause explosions'. They have not made any relevant arrests or secured important new evidence. The squad, however, have not visited the London bookshop identified in last week's *New Statesman* which has been offering terror manuals for sale.

Home Secretary Rees, although 'consulting the police' on the issue of his 'powers to censor publications', does not feel that the widespread dissemination of such bomb-making instructions is an obvious case for immediate action. (The manuals – originally classified and produced by British or US Army departments – are being reprinted by right-wing US mercenary groups.) No such difficulties apparently faced the Home Office or police in March 1972 when a Mr Tony Soares was prosecuted on charges of 'incitement of readers to possess and make explosive substances', and of incitement to arson and murder in unspecified circumstances. Soares was the assistant editor of the black community newspaper *Grass Roots*, which had reprinted from an existing book a diagram for the assembly of crude Molotov cocktails. He received a five-year suspended prison sentence.

It is hard not to draw the conclusion that police prefer to continue harassment of minority political or racial groups rather than deal with a serious threat to public order. The owner of one bookshop selling these publications says openly 'I would sell them to sixteen year olds' – and, indeed, he has.

The wealth of detail in the manuals currently on sale contrasts strongly with the crude diagram reproduced in *Grass Roots* in 1972, or the police statements of evidence against the three alleged conspirators currently remanded – so far, two packets of weedkiller. The manuals give full details for home manufacture of plastic explosives, and their use in boobytraps or terror bombs.

This week the Home Secretary had doubts about taking 'broad powers to censor publications unless I were advised that it would make an effective practical contribution to the prevention of terrorism'. Meanwhile the Anti-terrorist squad has staged a further dawn raid, this time on a Methodist lay preacher and former full-time Labour Party agent. No evidence of conspiracy or conspirators has resulted from the raid.

Robin Cook MP who last week asked a parliamentary question on the official policy on commercial sale of the manuals, will be questioning the Home Secretary further. In particular he is concerned that Special Branch appear to have been aware for some time that various mercenary and other groups were importing and distributing the manuals.

The manuals are solely directed to the furtherance of terror. Their explicit easy-to-follow instructions are the clearest possible incitement. The government should make it clear that the commercial sale of information of direct value to the aspirant terrorist is unacceptable in a civilised society.

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Election season: Labour's shifting support

The most reliable predictors - voters themselves - now think Labour would win a general election this autumn. But **Peter Kellner's** analysis shows a dangerous long-term trend

Whatever they say in public, most politicians in private study the opinion-polls with feverish attention. And now that professional assumptions are starting to centre on an autumn election, the fever can be expected to rise remorselessly throughout the summer months.

Despite what some excited newspaper headlines say – often to their own embarrassment – opinion polls do not *predict* election results. Rather they tell us, with considerable accuracy, about the directions in which political opinion is moving: sometimes detecting a trend so strong as to suggest that some imminent election is almost a certainty. As the General Election season opens, the polls are not registering any such clear-cut message – although they do tell a story of remarkable Labour recovery, from the outsider's position to one of even betting, or even slight advantage. Close analysis of the mountains of evidence now available suggests three surprising, but at first glance ill-assorted conclusions: one, that Labour's short-term tactical position – given luck – is reasonably hopeful; two, that there are long-term trends which could bring Labour whole new areas of support; third, that those trends could alter the complexion of British politics so thoroughly as to make Labour politics unworkable.

Just now, optimists on either side have plenty to work on. Labour can say: 'After a four or five year Parliament, the Government invariably improves its standing in the run-up to the election. Even in 1970 – when we were so over-confident – we were seven points behind the Tories with four months to go. The actual result was much better: and today, we are level so, by October we ought to be well ahead.

'Second, more people now expect us to win than expect the Tories to win. In every election since 1945 the infallible predictor has been, two or four months before the election: which party do most people *expect* (as against *want*) to win? And finally, we have James Callaghan, who is well ahead of Margaret Thatcher on every electoral count.'

A Tory can say: 'Really, they caught up with us last autumn. The main thing now is that their advance has been halted. And there are clear signs that the tide is turning back in our favour.

'The apparent improvement in the economy last year has been reversed. The credit squeeze, and the new mortgage rates, will dent Labour's middle-class support. Compared with last winter, fewer voters say that either Callaghan or his government are performing well. True, Maggie is behind on personality questions. But Heath was even further behind in 1970.'

Simple confusion, as well as partisanship, frequently clouds the interpretation of poll data. Even the *Daily Telegraph*, which normally reports its Gallup findings with commendable sobriety, said in February the 'general public' expected a tie. In truth, 40 per cent thought the Tories would win, and 40 per cent thought Labour would. There was no indication that anyone, let alone a majority, expected a tie. And confusion apart, both Labour and Tory protagonists are looking for evidence that their own victory is imminent.

The fact that both views can be supported by quoting from the polls does not justify us in extending Disraeli to speak of 'lies, damned lies, statistics *and* opinion polls.' The point is rather to interpret the evidence we do have with more care: and it now suggests that changes in voters' attitudes take place at different levels, which are not always separated out in the news coverage. In the medium term – up to two or three years, say – the performance of the economy – which may or may not be related to the activities of the government – is the dominant influence. In the short term, specific campaign issues and events can affect just enough voters to swing the result: great efforts have been made to manipulate this process, but no British politician has yet been able to make it an exact science.

The table below shows how voting loyalties have moved in recent years. At this stage, the important point is not so much the overall four per cent Tory lead found in spring this year, but rather the differences among the groups of voters. As usual, women are more conservative than men – a two point Labour lead among men compares with an eight point Tory lead among women. The presence of Mrs Thatcher may help, but there was the same ten-point gap in October 1974 under Heath, and women were *twelve* per cent more Tory than men when Sir Alec Douglas-Home was leader. (It still makes wry reading to go back and read the speeches in which Tories like F. E. Smith denounced the suffragettes for opening the floodgates of socialism.)

Large changes have occurred among unionists. Wilson came to power with a weighty 34 per cent lead among union members (then one-quarter of the electorate, now 30 per cent): it was enough to offset a nine per cent Tory lead among non-members

In 1974 the picture was similar, but since then the Tories have cut away half of the lead that Labour used to have. In the wake of Ted Heath's confrontation with the miners, Labour's claim to be the workers' party was already questionable, for it gained

The changing pattern of classes in the British electorate

	Oct. '64			Oct. '74			Feb/Mar '78		
	L	C	Labour lead	L	C	Labour lead	L	C	Labour lead
All Voters	45	43	2	40	36	4	42	46	–4
Sex									
Men	8	40	8	43	32	9	45	43	2
Women	42	46	–4	38	39	–1	40	48	–8
Unions									
Members	2	28	34	55	23	32	54	36	18
Non-members	39	48	–9	35	41	–6	39	49	–10
Class*									
AB	9	75	–66	12	63	–51	23	66	–43
C1	15	61	–36	24	51	–27	30	57	–27
C2	54	34	20	49	26	23	48	40	8
DE	59	31	28	57	22	25	54	34	20

Since the mid-sixties, Labour has gained from the Tories among middle-class voters, but lost some ground among manual workers. Since 1974, the most striking Tory increase has been among skilled workers. Women remain more likely than men to vote Conservative, but Mrs Thatcher seems to have little to do with this, as the situation has not changed since Sir Alec Douglas-Home.

The figures for October 1964 and 1974 are derived from aggregated findings of surveys taken during the campaigns: adding together a number of poll results provides a large total sample, which makes it possible to analyse different sections of the electorate with reasonable accuracy. Figures for this year are from Gallup weekly surveys, February and March. Figures from 1964, NOP; 1974 from Harris.

**Classes (approximately): AB, professional and managerial; C1, white-collar workers; C2, skilled manual workers, foremen etc; DE, semi-skilled and unskilled workers.*

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Is Margaret Thatcher a liability?

JAMES CALLAGHAN, ever since he became premier in April 1976, has regularly outscored both Margaret Thatcher and his own party in opinion-polls. The only month he fell seriously behind was November 1976, at the height of the IMF crisis. Today, he leads her on every count. Particularly, 80 per cent of Labour voters say they are satisfied with him, compared to fewer than 70 per cent of Tories satisfied with Thatcher. And he commands respect outside his own party: in April, MORI found that 71 per cent of Tories thought him 'capable', while only 49 per cent of Labour voters would make the same concession for Thatcher. According to Gallup, Callaghan's satisfaction score has been at least 50 per cent for the last nine months. The last time a Labour prime minister achieved such public success was Harold Wilson, during the heady period after Labour's 1966 general election triumph.

MARGARET THATCHER is, in obviously measurable terms, a liability to her party. Except for three months after she deposed Heath, and a short spell last autumn, the Gallup questionnaire has found her less popular than her party. But she has never reached the depths of unpopularity plumbed by Edward Heath. For a time in 1968 the Tories led Labour by more than 20 per cent – yet fewer than one-third of the voters would say that Heath was doing well. In the run-up to the 1970 election, Heath's personal rating was roughly what Thatcher's is now: that is, it was not a fatal liability. Mrs. Thatcher's leadership has not increased the propensity of women to vote Tory (see table left) but MORI's April survey found that her standing was higher among women. (Or depending where you start, lower among men than among women.) More intriguingly, Gallup asked *women* voters in March: 'Would you like to see a woman as Prime Minister?' The answer was yes – by a margin of 59-31 per cent – but not Margaret Thatcher. Only 37 per cent of women said they would like her to be in No. 10, and 54 per cent said they would not.

Despite Mrs Thatcher's attempts at populism, she is not generally seen as being in touch with ordinary people. In April, a MORI poll found that only 48 per cent of voters thought she was, whereas in the same sample 62 per cent thought Mr Callaghan was in touch.

little more than half their total votes. But at least the 2-1 lead over the Tories held. Now, it has vanished.

A possible cause is disenchantment with the unions themselves: today, a union card is a convenience, a necessity, or an aid to pay-bargaining, but not a proud symbol of class solidarity. Here are responses of *union members* to a poll last year.

	Agree %	Disagree %
Unions have too much power in Britain today	**68**	**27**
Unions are mostly controlled by a few extremists	**58**	**33**
The closed shop is a threat to individual liberty	**66**	**26**
The Labour Party should not be so closely linked to the unions	**57**	**34**

Source: Sunday Times/MORI, August 1977.

Given this, the curiosity is that Labour's lead among unionists should still exist at all. The reason, it seems, is the feeling that the Tories cannot handle the unions as well as Labour: in April, when MORI asked voters which party had the best industrial-relations policy, Labour led by 45 to 25, and among union members 58-19.

For both main parties, this makes a dilemma. Labour can benefit from emphasising its capacity to deal with the unions, but could suffer from the suggestion that it therefore endorses their behaviour. If the Tories try to tap the deep reservoir of public discontent with unionism, they risk revival of fears about their capacity for confrontation.

Changes among unionists reflect more deep-seated shifts in class attitudes. In 1964 despite media-mythology to the contrary, Labour made few inroads into the middle classes. Among AB households — broadly, professional and managerial – the Tories led by 8-1. Among white-collar (C1) families, Labour got only one vote in four. Labour's victory was built on its traditional manual-worker base, not on promises of 'white-hot' technology.

Since then, as the table shows, class loyalties have eroded: a trend widely predicted in the days of 'Butskellism' and rising living standards. What was the point of class warfare when *everyone* could be better off? But it was less widely predicted that class differences would continue to dissolve throughout the bitterness of the 1974 elections, and in spite of falling living standards and rising unemployment.

Some measure of the process may be found in the long-term British Election Study, run at Essex University by Professor Ivor Crewe. Part of his technique is to return regularly to the voters they interviewed at past elections, thus correcting some of the deficiencies of the one-off 'snapshot' approach. By avoiding a direct voting-intention question, and asking people to name their general allegiances short-term fluctuations can be minimised, and long-term trends discerned. Here is the movement of party identification between 1964 and 1974:*

	Middle class & white-collar		Manual workers	
	Con %	Lab %	Con %	Lab %
1964	**48**	**27**	**29**	**54**
1966	**57**	**22**	**24**	**60**
1970	**55**	**24**	**29**	**55**
1974 (Feb)	**51**	**24**	**23**	**56**
1974 (Oct)	**48**	**27**	**29**	**54**

**British Journal of Political Science, Vol. 7 (2)*

The striking point is that party identification has crumbled far more among middle-class than among working-class voters. Among manual workers the Labour lead fell only four points in ten years, whereas the Tory middle-class lead fell 18 points. (For working-class voters, these figures fit closely with contemporaneous opinion-poll results. By October 1974 the middle-class findings had not been turned into voting intentions: a possible explanation of the up-to-date figures in our separate table is that now they have been.)

It should be music to Mr Callaghan's ears to hear that Labour is making inroads into traditional Tory support, while keeping the loyalty of its own people. But the bad news is that for all their loyalty, Labour's 'core' supporters – defined in the Essex study as those with 'very' or 'fairly strong' Labour identification, who belong to trade unions and hold manual jobs – are rapidly deserting Labour's political principles. Here is the movement of their opinions:

	1964 %	1974 %
Favour more nationalisation	**64**	**50**
More spending on social services	**92**	**57**
Favour close union/Labour ties	**50**	**34**
Sympathies generally with strikers	**33**	**25**
Do *not* believe unions too powerful	**74**	**52**

Among Labour's middle-class supporters, the commitment to socialist viewpoints held up much better. Indeed, among those born since 1930, it actually increased during the seventies. But the trouble is that there are far more working-class votes at risk than there are middle-class votes to be gained – nor does the Essex study suggest any comparable ambivalence in the Tory ideological structure:

> Among Conservatives we found no sign of any accumulating divergence from their party's policy propositions; and among 'core' Conservatives there was, in fact, a slight consolidation of commitment over the decade.

This asymmetry – a working-class loyal to Labour, but sceptical of its policies, together with a middle-class which likes Tory attitudes, but is increasingly less faithful to the party – gives Labour some obvious short-term advantages. The question, perhaps, is whether they can be turned into immediate political power – and then into really convincing social advances – before the long-term scepticism of the party's traditional supporters turns into active disloyalty. Or: is Labour strong enough to win the coming election?

Here, there are two crucial factors where the government's control is less than total: the Liberals, and the economy. Taking the second first, Labour's low point coincided with the desperate days of the IMF loan in 1976. Between spring and autumn last year the number of voters expecting the economy to deteriorate fell by half: simultaneously, a 15-20 point Tory lead evaporated. The chart on the next page indicates how steadily voting intention relates to economic perception: Margaret Thatcher's immigration speech, widely touted as a master-stroke, produced another 9-11 point lead – but it vanished within a fortnight (producing no improvement in Mrs Thatcher's standing, for according to Gallup she now inspires less confidence than at any time since March 1977).

Fairly steady optimism has been the reading for some months now. But its

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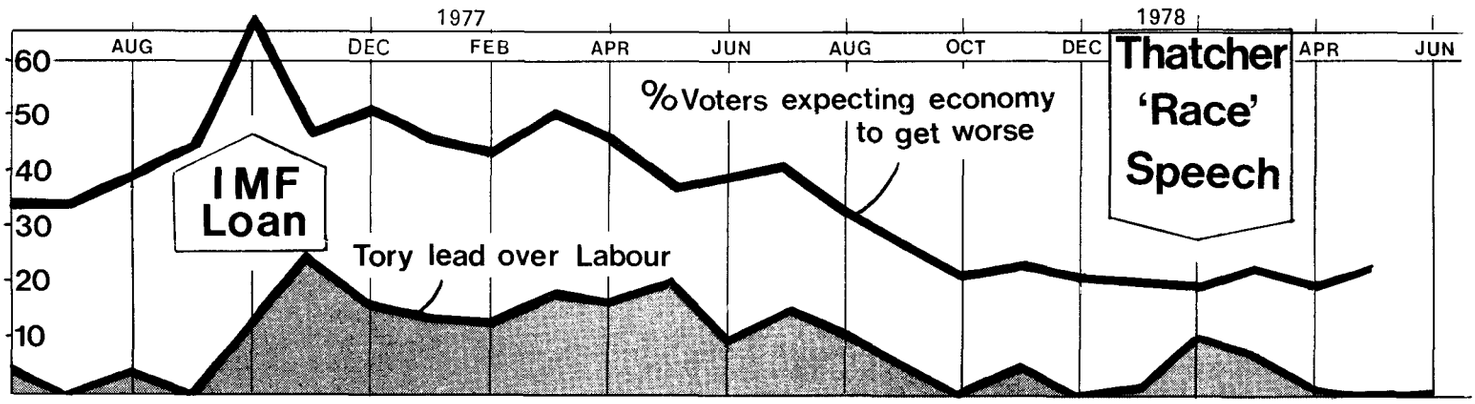

potential fragility is emphasised by a MORI poll last week which found only 22 per cent of voters expecting the economy to improve, while 40 per cent thought it would get worse. This is almost the exact reverse of a MORI poll for the *Sunday Times* just after the April budget, and if it represents anything more than transitory disgust over higher mortgage rates and the credit squeeze, then Labour will be in serious trouble.

It is important to recognise the difference between this kind of phenomenon – an immediate event touching on really basic long-term and medium-term preoccupations – and phenomena that are really transitory. The fact that Labour could be tactically vulnerable to sudden bad economic news does not necessarily mean, for instance, that Labour would also be vulnerable to a sudden race scare whipped up during the campaign.

Most poll evidence suggests that, apart from a fanatical fringe, even those people who take illiberal attitudes on race do not regard it as a central issue.

When an issue blows up suddenly outside an election campaign, it merely expands the total coverage given to politics, without much reducing that being given to other matters. But during a campaign, the volume of political coverage is roughly fixed, so that the more time given to one subject, the less there is for others. Therefore, if the Tories were to try to exploit race, the battle would not be Labour versus the Tories on immigration – which might well yield a points victory to the Tories. It would appear as Thatcher on immigration, versus Callaghan on lower inflation, better labour relations, and general stability. It is a battle that this Prime Minister would not be likely to lose. Briefly, Labour isn't likely to do itself any good by stealing any clothes from the National Front. It must somehow persuade the voters that their economic future remains reasonably cheerful.

At least Mr Callaghan and the government can make heartening noises about the economy. But there is nothing they can do about the electoral disaster which confronts the Liberals. Possibly, most of the 13 Liberal seats might be retained, but the right to intercede with government on behalf of one-fifth of the electorate will almost certainly evaporate. The latest polls suggest a Liberal vote of two to three million in an autumn election, allowing for a little recovery: far from the six million won in February 1974.

The results of the Essex University work show why the Liberals have not been able to hold their 1974 gains. The Liberal vote that year was

> Electorally volatile, socially representative and negative in character. The small core of regular Liberal voters is unusually middle-aged and middle-class, socially very different from the larger and socially representative body of occasional Liberal voters. . . . The party benefited from dissatisfaction with the state of the country, but there is no evidence that an image of classlessness contributed to its electoral success.*

**Political Studies, Vol 27 No 3*

Where are the lost Liberals going? According to the Essex study, very few use a Liberal vote as a half-way in changing major parties: most ex-Liberals return to their original party. If this is happening, it is good news for Mrs Thatcher.

In February 1974 Labour won more *seats*, but the Tories got more *votes*. This happened because Labour lost votes to Liberals in rural areas where its cause was hopeless anyway: the Tories lost to them in vital suburban marginals. The position was complicated by 'tactical' voting on the part of Labour supporters, who voted Liberal or Nationalist to unseat a number of Tories. Had all those 'tacticians' – say half a million – remained with Labour, then Mr Heath might have remained Prime Minister. Now, with the Liberal and Nationalist option fading – both for believers and tacticians – a dozen or more critical marginals could swing back to the Tories.

Two polls published last week – Gallup, in the *Telegraph* and MORI in the *Express* – showed the Liberals down to six per cent. If the Liberals go any lower, it will be their worst opinion-poll showing since October 1959. And that was the month when the Tories scored their biggest election victory since the war.

Peter Kellner is on the staff of the Sunday Times.

'His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish People'
The Balfour Declaration

'If Palestine had been uninhabited, obviously it would have been an ideal place, and we wouldn't have a problem today. But the fact is simply that Palestine was not uninhabited, it was populated by the Arabs, the Palestinians'
Walid Khalidi, Palestinian historian

Palestine
three 90-minute films from Thames Television on the tragic decades that gave birth to Israel.

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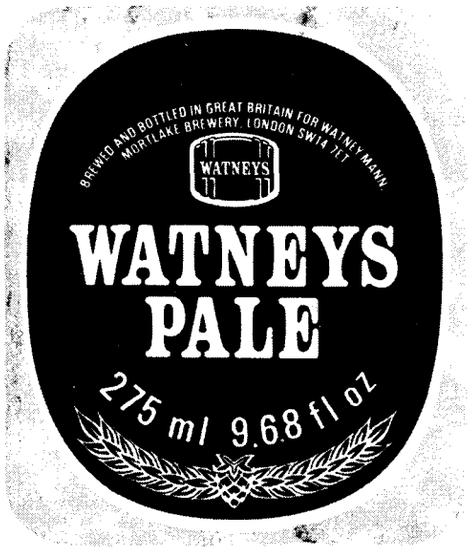
Christopher Hird: The Political Economy of Beer

The story of beer is a chronicle of nearly everything that is wrong with capitalism. It is a story of how, in the lust for growth and profits, the brewers have destroyed a product that millions wanted to buy. It is a story of a series of takeovers and mergers giving six big firms the control of the market they needed to eliminate risk and reduce consumer choice. But by a bitter, but not uncommon irony, it is also a story of how the arrogant brewers' disregard for the consumer cheated them of the profits for which they hoped, and how the consumers fought back.

It is a story told in an excellent little book published this week: *Pulling a Fast One* by Roger Protz*. The author is a socialist (he used to be editor of the Socialist Workers Party newspaper) and it is interesting that he considers it worth writing about beer. Ten million people drink the stuff and hope to get enjoyment from it. Along with the other things we eat and drink and enjoy, it affects the quality of our life. Unless society puts its mind to how the massive companies which provide us with our food and drink are to be controlled and made accountable to their public they will go on irretrievably spoiling our lives.



Watney Mann & Truman, part of the Grand Metropolitan food and hotels conglomerate. Watneys have been the butt of the real beer campaign, nicknamed 'Grotneys'. Invented keg and tried it out in the thirties on the East Sheen tennis club. But the Red Revolution looks as though it has been routed: Watney pubs are being repainted any other colour and new cask beers are being introduced.

Twenty years ago the problem hardly existed. There were no national brewery chains and hardly any keg beer. Today 63% of the beer drunk in Britain is keg. The problem is: keg beer is awful.

Traditional beer, or 'real beer' as everyone now calls it, continues to ferment in its cask. This means it cannot be transported a long way; the publican must keep it carefully and it must be drunk quickly, before it goes off. Keg beer – named after the steel containers it comes in – has none of these problems. In the brewery it is chilled, filtered and pasteurized, so fermentation stops and the beer can be kept for longer. This process kills the beer, so carbon dioxide is added to make it look life-like and give it a frothy head. But whatever it looks like, it does not taste like real beer. People who would prefer to drink something else often can't get it because the brewers control what is sold in the pubs.

Keg beer was pioneered by Watney Mann, who first tried it out in the thirties, but didn't really launch it until the sixties. Keg beer presented its own problems. It was new and, unlike traditional beers, it needed massive capital investment. To make it profitable the brewers needed a big market. In Britain, most pubs are owned by the breweries, so the way to expand and get the national coverage needed for keg was to take over other breweries.

Watneys started the wave of takeovers that created today's six national breweries when, in 1958, Watney Combe Reid and Mann Crossman & Paulin merged. An attempted takeover of the new group by property magnate Charles Clore in 1959 encouraged Watney Mann to start mopping up other breweries, so they were too big to be taken over but big enough to support the investment in keg.

The other catalyst on the brewing industry was Canadian Eddie Taylor. In ten months in 1960, Taylor bought twelve breweries in Scotland and the north of England, so he had the outlets to sell his Carling Black Label lager. In 1963 he merged with Charringtons and Bass Charrington was created four years later. Three of the other big national breweries – Allied, Scottish & Newcastle and Courage – all laid the foundations of their empires in deals during 1960.

Informed observers at the time supported the brewers. The future, it was claimed, lay with big production units concentrating brewing in a few efficient plants. This would, of course, mean less variety for the drinker. Since one product had to do where there were several before, the brewers needed to chose a taste which would cause minimum offence and expose them to the least risk. So it was with pride that, in the early seventies, Watney's claimed a blander taste for their new keg beer.

In developing keg, the brewers were trying to solve a real problem: drinkers did not like badly kept real beer. One solution would have been to concentrate on improving the quality of traditional beer and training pub staff. But from the brewers' point of view, money spent on training was wasted as it did not show up an asset in their balance sheets. Retaining the old beers would have committed them to staying small when all the urges of the men who ran them were to grow bigger.

Courage, left, part of tobacco giant Imperial Group, who must rue the day they bought it, in 1972: profits have not risen since. In 1976 and 1977 Courage sold 150 pubs because they were 'not giving a return on investment'. Stand accused of 'savagely increasing the rents they charge their tenants'.
Scottish & Newcastle, own Youngers and McEwan, as well as making Newcastle Brown. Recently reorganised its management, bringing in a new chief executive, from tin can makers Metal Box. Although they own only 1,100 pubs, their Tartan is one of the best selling national brands.

The fact that the brewers were publicly quoted companies made it easier to indulge their ambitions. Building and equipping new breweries to produce the nation's keg beer was expensive and left little over to spend on buying other companies. So the brewers just printed more of their own shares to pay for their takeover victims. As the logic of the switch to keg was mass production of national brands – such as Double Diamond, Worthington E, Tavern, Red Barrel – many local breweries were closed during the sixties. Whitbread alone shut down 15. Altogether, the number of beers in Britain was halved to 1,500.

Pubs were closed down too. The mergers gave the brewers big regional monopolies of pubs: Watneys dominated Norfolk and Northamptonshire; Courage dominated Avon; Allied the mid-Chilterns. Inevitably they found they had too many pubs in some towns and many which failed to produce the more demanding returns set by the brewers' accountants were closed. Some that remained were turned from tenanted into managed houses. By putting in a manager instead of a supplying a self employed licensee, the brewery had better control over what was sold in the pub and pocketed the retailer's profits as well. The brewers' marketing departments also got to work on some pubs, modernising them to fit their own idea of what sort of surroundings drinkers wanted to drink in.

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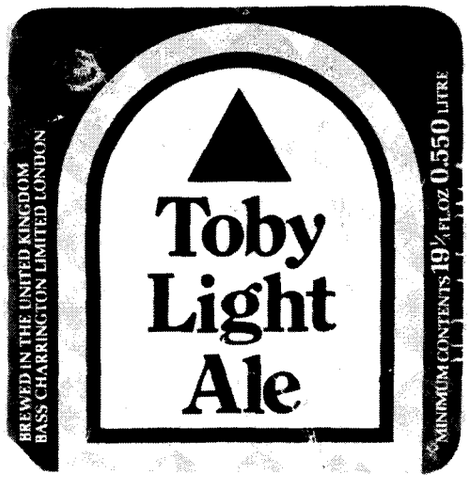


Bass Charrington, Europe's biggest brewer, the creation of Canadian Eddie Taylor. Only three of the 16 firms he put into his Northern United Breweries in 1960 and 1961 remain and none of their beers have survived. Bass decided to promote their processed Worthington E as a traditional beer, instead of the cask conditioned Bass 'because we sell four times as much E as Bass'.

The defence of the free market economy is supposed to be that if people don't like a product, they don't have to buy it and can take their custom elsewhere. But with beer there was often no such opportunity. Virtually all the brewers' advertising budgets were devoted to promoting the new national brands and in some cases they refused to supply their pubs with the old beers.

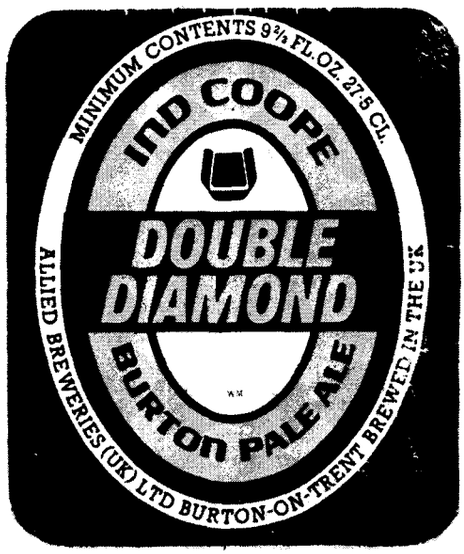
The brewers have been particularly keen to promote lager. In 1971, lager accounted for about 7 per cent of beer sales; today it accounts for a quarter, and is still growing. The increasing popularity of holidays abroad, where people taste lager, has helped. So has advertising: half of the beer industry's £20 million of advertising was spent on lager in 1977. Its appeal to the brewers is quite simple. British lager, which has little in common with the stuff brewed on the continent, is weak, so the duty is low. The success of the heavy advertising makes it easier to charge a high price. Lager can be a very profitable business.

However, despite all their efforts, the brewers have not turned their domination of the market (with Guinness, the big six control about 90 per cent of Britain's beer market) into the crock of gold they had hoped for. Last year's report by the Price Commission showed that the national beer combines charged higher prices for their beers, but had lower profit margins and returns on capital than the smaller breweries.

There are several reasons for this. Although the big brewers have been able to use their buying power to reduce the cost of raw materials, the Price Commission showed that all the benefits of this are lost in increased production, administrative, distribution and advertising costs. When the brewers did their sums on the market for keg in the late fifties and early sixties, transport was cheap. The oil crisis put an end to that, but the big brewers still need a big transport fleet to ship their nationally advertised brews around the country. Another thing has deprived the big brewers of the benefits they expected from concentration: demand. Despite their control of the market, demand has not grown as they expected. Even forecasts for the growth in lager consumption have been scaled down recently. Keg beer has not quite washed away all the competition.

One of the major reasons for this has been the growth of the Campaign for Real Ale, which was started in 1971. No other British consumer movement has attracted so much support in recent years. It has about 20,000 members and a very high turnover of membership – a reasonable indication that it is not just a bunch of unrepresentative cranks. Its support has grown because it has been an agitational movement, taking the argument into pubs and on to the streets; it has mobilized consumer power by telling people where to buy something other than keg beer.

When it started CAMRA was dismissed as irrelevant by the brewers. But over the years the facts have told a different story.



Allied Breweries, Europe's biggest drinks company, taking in Harveys of Bristol, Babycham, Britvic and Teachers whisky. One of the big brewers to bow to CAMRA and introduce a cask beer – Burton Ale in 1976 – and more promised for 1978.

Brewers of real beer – such as Youngs of Wandsworth – have never been busier. The big brewers themselves have changed their strategies. They have started reintroducing real beer into their pubs, sometimes even advertising them. Some have started demolishing their centralised management structures and reviving regional names which disappeared in the mergers of the sixties.

There are plenty of criticisms of CAMRA of which Protz – currently one of their employees – is well aware in his book. It is prone to internal doctrinal squabbles over what is real beer; it is still predominantly a south of England middle class organization. However, organizations like CAMRA do not flourish in a vacuum. The big brewers would not have modified their strategy, at some cost, in response to isolated middle class rantings. CAMRA has shown that a lot of drinkers were dissatisfied with what the breweries were feeding them and only wanted the opportunity to try something else.

Defenders of the free market will say this only proves their point. The brewers made a product, people did not like it, they bought something else, the brewers changed the product – so what is all the fuss about? Who anyway really cares about beer – which is a pretty marginal product?

Unfortunately the battle is not so easily won. The big six still control most of the pubs in the country and still produce most of the beer. They still have a massive investment of keg and lager plant, with more coming on stream all the time. There is no reason why people should not drink keg and lager if they want, but the brewers still have every incentive to *make* them drink it, whether they want it or not. Takeovers are not a thing of the past. This year Midlands' brewers Grenhall Whitley – the biggest brewer outside the majors – has taken over Shiptone's of Nottingham.

If consumers are to retain any power over the kind of beer they're allowed to drink, the big brewers have to be tackled. Roger Protz's anxiety to protect the good things in Britain's beer heritage leads him to support some of the bad things in its industrial heritage. He supports the small brewers who are sometimes reactionary, anti-trade union employers, paying less to their employees than the big breweries. CAMRA itself opposed Capital Transfer Tax on the ground that it destroys small family businesses, including breweries.

Protz argues for the compulsory break up of the big six, a law against breweries owning large shareholdings in other breweries, and a restriction on the number of tied houses a brewery can own. He would like to see an extension of the municipal owned system, such as that which operated in Carlisle before the 1970-74 Tory government, in a fit of dogmatic extremism, closed down the brewery there and sold off the pubs to the private monopolists. He favours more co-operatively owned breweries such as the Northern Federated Clubs and Wales Clubs breweries, which are owned by their customers and supply both cask and keg beer. He concludes that one state owned brewery would produce as appalling a product as the bureaucracies of the private sector.

'Pulling a Fast One: What the brewers have done to your beer', by Roger Protz, Pluto Press, £1.20.

Whitbread, the oldest national brewery. Their takeover trail 'left a scene of destruction that would make a swarm of locusts envious'.

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Westminster Diary

☐ It is the summer season of state visits at the moment. Last week Ceaucescu, this week Kypriano, the President of Cyprus. Although he is not in the business of buying BAC 111 planes, I trust our foreign office treat him with equivalent respect. He represents the one nation in Europe over whose fate Britain has had some influence in the last couple of decades and our record is not a particularly admirable one. Ever since I was corralled on to a Select Committee to study the problems of the island three years ago, I have become convinced that here more than anywhere else, *realpolitik* and NATO take precedence over humanity and common sense. Kyprianou may not be quite so imposing a personality as his predecessor Makarios, but he is sustained by the same impressive political coalition which stretches from communists to church leaders. We were told by Frank Judd in the foreign affairs debate, last week that Kyprianou will be urged to start talking to the Turks about their latest proposals; I am not sure that would be wise. The Turks propose to transfer one per cent of the conquered territory and want a constitution that could well legitimise partition. I am sure a settlement will come in the fullness of time; but the Greek-Cypriots know their opponents somewhat better than we do, have a deal of sympathy with the plight of the Turkish Cypriots (publicised recently by their former Vice President, Dr Kutchuk), and should be allowed to pace their own progress towards a solution. After all the events of the past, a little humility on the part of our foreign office mandarins would be in order on this occasion together with an assurance that we in Britain have no intention of making up the deficit in arms deliveries to Turkey which Congress has blocked in the US.

☐ If the Foreign Office wish to do something which would simultaneously win understanding from the Greeks and a reputation for integrity for themselves, they could dust off the Cyprus report on human rights before the European Commission in Strasbourg, which a conspiracy of silence by the nations of the West has hitherto succeeded in burying. When the Greek colonels were rampant, Europe was brave enough to condemn them; the embarrassing proximity of fascism concentrated the minds of even the most timid and compromising of our Europoliticians. Cyprus, however, is by turns too small or too sensitive to be treated with the same urgency. The report on Turkish violations of human rights – including murder, rape and torture – has now been before the Committee of Ministers of the Council of Europe on two occasions, and each time they have found excuses for putting things off. They are meeting again in the hope they come to a decision this time. However miffed the Turks may be, our protests about violations beyond the iron curtain would sound just a little more credible, if we could only stick to our principles more consistently this side of it.

☐ As I bike through the back streets from Westminster to Great Turnstile clutching my copy for the Editor, it is a positive pleasure to quit the dour pomposity of Whitehall for the unplanned anarchy of Covent Garden. It confirms me in my suspicion that most planning has all too often more in common with destruction than development; in the blazing sunshine, the whole area is a happy mess of japanese gardens and sprouting wine bars. What a disappointment, then, to swing round the corner and be confronted by that horrible mausoleum in Great Queen Street, the epicentre of British freemasonry. By chance, the other day, the ground was thick with elderly, miserable looking men – black suits, black ties, black attaché cases – all converging on their Temple to participate in some secret rite or other. Tinkling my bell and swerving to avoid the multitude, I felt so sorry for them. I am sure they are all Good; I just wish they could be a bit more Happy. Still, I wish them no ill; or rather whenever I do, I remind myself that not all freemasons are little old men in black suits, longing for a slightly higher *niche* in the Establishment; after all, Salvador Allende was a freemason, and look what the Establishment did to him.

☐ On the receiving end of the latest nasty piece of Russian harassment at the moment is Professor Alexander Zinoviev, one of the world's most eminent philosopher-logicians. Blocked from teaching, he turned his hand to satire and produced a novel, *Yawning Heights*, the publication of which outside the Soviet Union has now stripped him of his remaining posts. Though dissident academics are only one of many groups to suffer, publicity about the handful of really eminent ones is a particularly sore point for the Soviet government; if they do let Alexander Zinoviev come abroad, I hope he can be offered the chance to bring his unique mix of talent for satire and the philosophy of logic here to some British university.

☐ I am sorry David Ennals is ill, since the National Health Service, I fear, is in scarcely better fettle. He has just come through a bad couple of weeks. Returning hot foot from the Far East, he made the mistake of lecturing the Royal College of Nursing conference at almost Castro-like length on the virtues of China, when their minds were on crises nearer home: and then of compounding it all by sending a 700 word telegram of apology when it dawned on him what he had done. Last week he faced revolts of electricians (over pay), London teaching hospitals (over cuts), a south London Area Health Authority threatening to outdo Clay Cross in financial disobedience and a tough Greenwich nurse who was not going to train technicians in *her* operating theatre. The particular strands of all this mayhem are not wholly unconnected; the social services minister has the most thankless job in government at the moment, with burgeoning demand chasing static resources, and a whole array of powerful professions and unions well dug in to protect their particular vested interests. There were even mutters from some doctors at a recent conference about bringing back Barbara Castle (to whom I owe an apology for having fathered on her the genesis of the Doctors' and Dentists' Review Body the other week). She might be an improvement; but unless far more money goes into the NHS, the mantle of Nye Bevan is going to be increasingly unrewarding for even the most accomplished of Labour ministers in the 1980s.

☐ I have always seen Bridget Plowden as a reliable, card-carrying, soft-centre liberal, fighting the good fight for the goodies against the baddies on everything from nursery schools to adult literacy. But ever since she was translated to the chairmanship of the Independent Broadcasting Authority, I have begun to worry, and her banning of *Thames*'s TV programme about police brutality in Ulster has confirmed my fears. Perhaps it is her association with her Director, Brian Young, another erstwhile liberal in the days when he had the task of recycling the ample profits of Austin and Morris into curricular reform as Director of the Nuffield Foundation. In every liberal, there is an authoritarian struggling to get out, and I fear that is what has now happened in both the Chairman and the Director of the IBA. When I wrote to Lady P. merely asking to come and see her to discuss the Irish embroglio, I got a far snootier response than any government minister would dare pen to an MP. After graciously deigning to receive me, she added the following coda: 'Perhaps I should add, however, that even as the Authority does not permit itself to be "leant on" by Ministers, the same applies to Members of Parliament'. No, my dear Bridget, I don't want to lean on you at all: I am simply asking that you should take part in that normal process of public consultation, which other public servants take for granted, and which, long, long ago in those far off swinging 60s, you commended so warmly in that famous Report which bears your name.

Christopher Price MP.

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard

☐ Mr Matthews told the committee that the owner maintained that the maggot-infested food was for his own consumption when he lived over the cafe. – *Wolverhampton Express & Star* (Brian Hall)

☐ Mr Hitchen said the Wakefield Building Society had employed only four general managers this century. The first was sentenced to five years' jail in 1907, then they had an honest man for four years. From 1911 to 1949 they employed Mr George Eli Jackson who died in 1970 owing the society £252,000. And then they had the accused. He not only admitted stealing £134,000 but had permitted the £252,000 unauthorised advances to Mr Jackson's estate. *Daily Telegraph* (Lord Broadbridge)

☐ Baroness von Reibnitz said: 'With this new ecumenical spirit I think it is Christians versus the rest, and it does not matter which club you belong to.' – *The Times* (Ivor Lucas)

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Anna Coote: Sweden's exasperating attempts at industrial democracy

What exactly is it about Sweden that draws such uncharitable responses from the British? We still cannot contemplate their prosperity (highest per capita income, at $9,030, of all OECD nations, despite severe economic troubles) without harking back to the suicide rate. Yet any Swede will tell you, jaw muscles flexing with polite rage, that Britain's own suicide rate is higher – and in any case the compilation of suicide statistics is a complex and ambiguous business which easily distorts the truth.

We are also fond of saying how glad we are not to be living in Sweden. They may have more mod cons than any other European country (661 telephones and 348 television sets per 1,000 inhabitants); and they may have less poverty and less industrial and social strife than most, certainly less than Britain. But . . . well . . . the quality of life is so bland, we tell ourselves consolingly.

Those on the Left in Britain are especially exasperated by Sweden's attempts at industrial democracy. We suspect they are just a sham to prop up Swedish capitalism, and we rather like hearing reports that they are not working very well. We tend to assume that if something like that doesn't *hurt*, it can't be doing much good. At the same time, we have a sneaking suspicion that the Swedish approach may be more imaginative and more socialist than our own.

Sweden first put employees on company boards in 1973 and today there are some 3,000 worker directors. The law requires no more than two on each board, so they don't have much power, but nobody claims that they do. In January 1977 a more ambitious law came into force to encourage 'co-determination at the workplace'. It places a duty on employers to provide workers with full and regular information on personnel and production matters, without being asked; and, at unions' request, to submit accounts and other documents which deal with the firm's economic state. It also obliges employers to negotiate with union representatives on all important matters concerning the company's operations. If negotiations break down they must be pursued at a national level, but if there is still no agreement, the employer has the final say. If employers fail in their legal duty to provide information or to negotiate, they can be taken to court and fined.

The same law lays down a procedure for unions and management to reach 'joint regulation agreements'. The two sides are supposed to draw up a list of areas in which decisions will in future be taken jointly. As far as the law is concerned, this can be done at company level, but the unions are holding out for national agreements with employers in the private sector and with central and local government.

So far only one such agreement, between white collar unions and central government, has been reached. In the private sector, talks have come to a deadlock. LO, the association of blue-collar unions, is demanding the right (among other things) to determine whether workers are paid by piece rate or time rate, to appoint their own economic advisers, and to set up in each company a personnel committee with a majority of employees to decide all matters of personnel. The SAF (Sweden's CBI) is not at all keen to concede these points, least of all the latter.

Among all their other faults, the Swedes seem to be incorrigibly patient. LO is well aware that the co-determination laws will not work wonders. It sees them as part of a wider plan which may begin to reach fruition towards the end of the 1980's and which includes a remarkably bold profit-sharing scheme.

LO first drew up proposals for 'employee investment funds' in 1976. The Social Democratic Party is committed in principle to backing them, although its final policy will be determined at its national conference in September. A joint task force of LO and SDP has been hammering out the details. The basic idea is that 20 per cent of the profits of all major companies should be pooled into employee investment funds. The funds would be managed by 24 regional councils consisting of elected representatives of the trade unions and local communities. The profits would be paid not in cash but in shares – thus ensuring that at least 20 per cent of profits were reinvested. Dividends would be used to buy more shares until the funds held a majority interest in the companies with the right to elect a proportionate number of directors.

The Advanced Society 1
Nordic version:

Raising taxes, freezing wages and selling socialism.

In other words, power over Sweden's largest and most influential companies would be transferred (indirectly) from the employers to the people. Companies with less than 500 employees would be able to choose whether to join the profit-sharing scheme or pay a levy into a new 'co-determination fund' aimed at helping employees of smaller companies to gain a say in the running of the business.

The British Left will find no shortage of reasons for looking askance at the scheme: it can be criticised as too socialist, not socialist enough, too complicated or simply unworkable. But it can't be condemned as a flop until it has been tested – and its chances of being put into practice are no more remote than those of a plan put forward in Britain with firm backing from the TUC and the Labour Party.

In next year's election, however, employee investment funds will not be a major issue if the SDP can help it. They would rather fight this one on softer issues and wait to pursue profit sharing in the mid-1980's. The Centre Party, Liberals and Conservatives who have held power in an uneasy alliance since 1976 are hoping that by next spring the economy will have picked up sufficiently to keep them in favour with the electorate. But that looks rather unlikely now. (Only the more primitive right-wing backwoodsmen would attempt to lay Sweden's economic troubles at the door of industrial democracy. The price of oil has of course been the main problem.)

Heavy borrowing abroad has left Sweden with a huge deficit – SK40 billion, around £4,700 million. According to Kjell Olof Feldt, who is tipped to be Minister of the Economy if the SDP is returned, that deficit will double by the early 1980's even if Sweden's GNP grows at a steady rate of four per cent per year, and government spending is held to the bare minimum needed to maintain public services near their current level. The Social Democrats know that if they are returned to power they will have to raise taxes. Yet if they go to the polls saying they are planning to do so, they are likely to get clobbered by the 'bourgois' parties promising not to raise taxes at all.

So instead they will concentrate their campaign on the need to revive industry – which is desperate after two years in which investment has fallen by 30 per cent and 100,000 jobs have been lost with plenty more in imminent danger. Here they have a plan, worked out with LO, which voters may find more palatable: it is for yet another type of fund. They want all employers to pay a levy on the payroll, starting at 0.75 per cent and rising to three per cent after four years. This will provide capital for research and development in areas of industry where it is needed most. When the levy reaches three per cent it will correspond to about 40 per cent of the manufacturing industry's total investment today – so it could make a big impact. The money will be managed through two national funds. Each will have the same function, but the board of one will have a majority of 'representatives of the public authorities' and a minority of trade unionists, and the other will have the balance reversed.

Kjell Olof Feldt explained: 'We will have to get some kind of agreement from the trade unions that they will abstain from wage increases. They may have to accept zero growth in real wages for two or three years. But they will get something in return in the form of increased investment which ought to mean more security and higher wages in the future. The unions are interested in getting more control. So perhaps we can get a deal'.

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Alexander Cockburn: Poujade comes to California

For years a crusty old gent named Howard Jarvis used to make a misery of the lives of Los Angeles county bureaucrats. He would turn up to budget hearings and sit there. Each time they started funding some new social amenity Jarvis would rise up and holler: each time the bureaucrats would tell him to shut up and each year Jarvis would sally forth into the highways and byways of southern California with petitions for tax reduction, to which no one would pay the slightest attention.

Then, as the population of California swelled with fresh recruits to smog and sunshine, the housing market began to go beserk. Prices, in a tight market, inflated at the rate of 25 per cent a year. As the prices went up, so did the assessed valuations: and as the valuations went up so did local property taxes.

Quite suddenly Jarvis, a very rich man who could afford to maintain his obsessions in decent style, began to gather crowds. And the crowds listened with mounting enthusiasm as he proposed that the voters of California agree to limit property tax rates to one per cent of property value and assessed values frozen at their 1975-76 level. This would mean a cut in property taxes of 57 per cent. Jarvis's brainchild became the Jarvis-Gann initiative: the initiative, supported by 1.3 million signatures, became Proposition 13 on the ballot on June 6, and by the end of that day Proposition 13 became law, attendant – since this is America – on various legal challenges.

City and county government in California is financed out of property taxes. On one estimate, passage of the proposition will mean seven billion dollars will be lost to local government. The Berkeley City Manager, to take one example, figured that his share of the country's property tax revenues will be cut from 14.8 million dollars to 3.2 million dollars. The city's entire comprehensive planning department, all recreation programmes, the department of public health, and all city branch libraries will be eliminated. Police, fire and public works departments will be cut back 30 per cent. Also destroyed will be city programmes funding 56 community service agencies, including three health clinics, three mental health programmes, four senior-citizen centres, four drug-abuse treatment programmes, two emergency food projects two emergency shelter facilities and other programmes to aid the physically disabled.

It has become fairly clear, in the wake of the vote, that most of Proposition 13's supporters were convinced nothing unpleasant would happen to them (with the exception of the blacks who have well honed instincts in such matters and who voted con in large numbers). Many Californians thought they were voting against welfare, which is not funded out of property taxes anyway. Suburbanites expect there to be less garbage collections in the city. City dwellers imagine there will be fewer firefighters in the suburbs.

Though it was touted as a boon to the little man, down-trodden by big and rapacious government, the reverse is true. Business will reap two-thirds of the benefits of the tax reduction, simply because homes are sold more rapidly than business property. Under the proposition, property tax rates will be permitted to rise after sales: residences will eventually have to bear more and more of the property tax burden.

The picture becomes even more murky when one perceives that crusty old Jarvis has ties with the John Birch Society, was well funded by Right-wing sponsors and is the paid director of a landlords's association in Los Angeles. Landlords loved the Proposition since they are under no compulsion at all to pass along the reductions in their property taxes to their tenants.

A lot of the economic theorising behind Proposition 13 may be traced back to conservative academics such as Professors Laffer and Friedman, noted devotees of the view, much liked by big business, that anulment of corporate and other taxes will lead to a splendid surge in the prosperity of businessmen and hence of the citizens as a whole. Such doctrinaire niceties are somewhat lost in the hubbub, but the tax backlash is now scorching its way across the country. A Right-wing Republican defeated an incumbent senator in a New Jersey primary last week mainly by calling for a 25 per cent reduction in federal taxes. Schools in Ohio cannot presently afford to open next fall since the voters refused a tax increase to fund them.

The Advanced Society 2
West Coast version:

Tax rebels scramble for a place in the waning sun

A proposal to amend the US Constitution to require a balanced budget has already found favour in over 20 state legislatures. In state after state the voters have forced legal caps on the amounts by which varying taxes can be raised. Tax politics, particularly as an issue for Republicans in the next two years, are now the staple of every candidate.

Why now? Throughout the 1960s and 1970s there has been a dramatic shift in the tax burden, as borne by the members of American society, with enormous pressures building up on what used to be called the petit bourgeoisie, or small business sub-professional middle class people. The recessions of the last few years have seen this pressure increase, with more bankruptcies of small firms and more of these swallowed up by big ones. In 1954 the top 500 industrial firms as listed by *Fortune* accounted for 24.6 per cent of American sales and 39.5 per cent of American profits. By 1975 the figures had increased to 42.9 and 58.2.

All during this period, tax revenues paid to the government by these big corporations declined. In 1952, 31 per cent of government receipts came from taxes on corporations. By 1975 this figure had dropped to 14 per cent. At the same time there was a great growth in state and local government expenditure. In 1951 expenditures for state and local government accounted for 7.3 per cent of the GNP. By 1975 this figure had doubled to 14.6 per cent. At the same time social security taxes sharply increased.

The next effect of these shifts was to place enormous reliance on property taxes as a funding mechanism. Some 40 billion dollars a year are raised in property taxes, the single largest block of money used to pay for local government. Increasingly, this money is drawn from residential homeowners. While great masses of property go untaxed. On one estimate made in 1968, out of 7 trillion dollars worth of property in the US only about 1.4 trillion dollars were taxed. At least one third of all real estate is exempt from property taxes. Government owns 75 per cent of this exempt amount much of which is leased to private business, with the government operating as a tax-exempt front. Elsewhere Cotholic and Protestant religious organisations own 95 billion dollars worth of tax-exempt property.

Simultaneously, US tax laws have created an entire new class of land and property speculators who helped amass 4.4 billion dollars in deductions for mortgage interest last year. Capital-gains loopholes, incidentally, cost the US Treasury some 14 billion dollars last year, nearly 70 per cent of which went to taxpayers earnings more than 50,000 dollars a year. On the receiving end of much of these iniquities have been the middle class homeowners, with real as opposed to intangible property such as stocks and bonds who have the normal reactions and blame the undeserving poor for their travails.

The tax revolt is thus part of what is popularly seen as a shift to the Right: a scramble for a place in the waning sun. The interests of native American workers are pitted against those of the illegal cheap labour from south of the border: most explicity there is the war between the property holders and the municipal and county workers – now the largest union in the AFLCIO.

More broadly, the tax tantrum reigns in fearful petit-bourgeois bosoms already agitated by abortion legislation, homosexual rights and even the Equal Rights Amendment (for women) to the US Constitution. But as so often in such Poujadist rampages the victors will not be these newly insurgent victims, but those who have essentially framed the overall debate on taxing policy: large corporations which have been spelling out with increasing sophistication the oldest and crudest message of all: what's good for business is good for America. The spirit of the New Deal never looked more feeble.

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

Come Along Up

We tend to wake early in Appleton for our bedtime the night before is seldom unduly delayed and the soft Devon air generally induces cavernous yawns just after dear Angela Rippon has depressed one and all with her news and has smiled her last. Joyous birdsong renders alarm-clocks quite unnecessary and shortly after 6.30 a.m. the stately peace of 'Myrtlebank' is broken by the tinkle of a tea-cup. Those who like to imagine, in their friendly way, that I have at command relays of uniformed domestics only too glad to rise at first light, dust, scour, polish and activate the Aga, must think again. I make the tinkling sound myself, likewise the cheering tea that fills the welcome cup. Though sugar is said to be disastrous for old fatties, I pop in a generously heaped spoonful or two. What the hell.

I descend to the kitchen to do all this and shall continue to do so, having been totally baffled on a recent visit to North Wales ('Any Questions?' from ozone-packed Colwyn Bay) by finding in my hotel bedroom one of those mechanical tea-making appliances that switch on lights, trigger off buzzers and brew tea but which unfortunately demand a degree of co-operation from the user. I read the admirably detailed instructions four times, gazed in despair at the adjustable controls and dials and became increasingly bemused. It first told one what to do, all of them actions well beyond my scope, and when it came to the list of warnings about what *not* to do, the Ten Commandments weren't in it. This, I saw at once, was not for me. I did however manage to extract the actual tea-pot from the main body of the machine and, feeling guilty, fill it from the bathroom tap's near-boiling water and, with the aid of a dainty tea-bag, construct a more or less acceptable cup.

Next day, departure from this bracing and popular resort coughed up one of those perplexities with which modern life bristles. Three of us had to return by train to London, and railway enthusiasts (if that can still be the word) will wish to know details of our trip. It was roughly a four hour ride and a corkingly hot day but there were no buffet car or liquid availabilities of any sort. I assume that there was a guard on the train, though I did not see him. Perhaps he preferred to remain, so fast did we fly, near the emergency brakes. If there was a ticket-collector, he too chose to be invisible. Possibly he had had distressful news from home and was quietly crying in the luggage-van. At Euston nobody took our tickets or showed the slightest interest. We could have done the whole journey for nothing. A weird way, as has been said, to run a railroad.

Back now to Glorious Devon and there every morning I am, by 6.45 a.m. or so, tucked up again in bed, laden tray to hand and with the first healing draught of Typhoo gurgling its way down, all ready to face the BBC's Third Programme and often soothed by the mellifluous tones of Patricia Hughes, who could announce the very direst tidings without causing the faintest alarm ('The end of the world is expected in an hour's time, and meanwhile, and as requested by Mrs Henderson of Station Crescent, Bath, here is Debussy's *'L'après-midi d'un faune'* '). Radio 4 is, at that time too, apt to be full of pearls. On occasion, religious matters are toward and a cleric dispenses professional bromides to explain away the world's horrors. The other day we were informed, as though it were a stunningly fresh tit-bit of news, that God doesn't always answer prayers at once. Like 7p letters, delays are to be expected. The general theme, a throaty voice advised, should be 'Give God Time', a phrase which I chose to interpret penally and instantly gave Him twenty years' hard labour for all the dreadful misery and bother He puts us to.

With prayers go, of course, cosy reassurances of an after-life. A recent pronouncement on this doubtful possibility came from an old friend of mine, a charming hostess much given to entertaining and who, looking anxiously round her drawing-room, said despairingly 'But there are so *many* of us. I really don't see how God is going to get us all *in*.' Another view was expressed a few years ago by Sir John Gielgud: 'I'm sure there isn't an after-life. If there were, Ivor Novello would have got a message to us.' If Sir John is wrong, how delightful to picture the telegram arriving and being pinned up in some theatrically central place, perhaps the Globe Theatre foyer in Shaftesbury Avenue. EVERYTHING HERE TOO DIVINE FOR WORDS STOP GOD A COMPLETE AND UTTER DARLING STOP COME ALONG UP STOP LOVE IVOR.

When Mary Martin in *South Pacific* sang that she was going 'to wash that man right out of my hair', she was, as far as theatre history is concerned, washing a good many other men too, Ivor among them. The day of his type of musical, and what a melodious and splendid day it had been, was coming to an end. Tuneful twaddle was on the way out. Leading ladies were no longer to 'enter singing' as Mary Ellis had so triumphantly done as a Viennese operatic star in *The Dancing Years*, sweeping, warbling away, up that hill to the country inn from which Ivor had just, and his grand piano conveniently with him, been kicked out by his rentless and relentless landlady.

When the Novello musicals were at Drury Lane, spectacle, in the great tradition of that immense theatre, was the thing. If a train puffed on, it was bound to have a noisy accident in those clouds of escaping steam that conceal the cardboard. No huge liner appeared that did not later sink rather slowly to allow the audience to drink in the harrowing scene and to wonder if Ivor had been rescued. Yes, yes. He had. In *Careless Rapture* we were momentarily in China and it needed no seismograph to tell us why. When the distant rumbling started, the heroine, Dorothy Dickson, found herself on one of those somewhat frail Chinese balconies and required to speak one of the stage's most remarkable lines: 'My maid says it's earthquake weather'. How right she was. It was said that at the dress rehearsal, the hinged scenery stubbornly refused to collapse and extras had to go rushing on, nobly ad-libbing ('Oh what a terrible earthquake!') and push huge buildings to the ground.

Rodgers and Hammerstein, coupled with the names of *Oklahoma, Carousel, South Pacific* and *The King and I*, put an end to such luscious make-believe, though perhaps they did slip back a bit with *The Sound of Music*, much of which was altogether too good to be true. When the number 'My Favourite Things' occurred, I had a private fantasy about one of the elderly nuns. The 'favourite things' were, as you'll recall, snowflakes on kittens and white woollen mittens and such like, but not for my nun. *Her* favourite things were altogether more basic – platefuls of sausages and sauerkraut, stein after stein of lager, and something large and chunky and attractive in lederhosen.

Roger Woddis: YOICKS!

A *Times* leader has described the Labour Party proposal to abolish blood-sports as 'an infringement of liberty'.

The fox, the otter, the stag and the hare
Were having a meet in New Printing House Square.
'What's on the agenda?' said bushy-tailed Brenda,
A high-minded vixen who sat in the chair.

'The spoilsports are planning to bring in a Bill,'
Said the stag, who was keen to be in at the kill.
'They want to ban hunting, a measure affronting
The time-honoured spirit of John Stuart Mill.'

'Hear, hear,' said the otter, 'That Benn makes me spew.'
'I love,' said the hare, 'being hunted, don't you?
I'm all for endorsing the pleasures of coursing,
And oh, the sheer bliss when they tear me in two.'

And then a discussion began in full flood,
They wrote a petition and signed it in blood.
'And that,' wound up Brenda, 'concludes the agenda —
Next week our guest speaker's the Marquis de Sade.'

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Letters to the Editor

The Home Office and Immigrants

Sir, Nicola Squire's article (NS 16 June) examining recent court decisions in immigration cases is welcome, but it tells less than half of the story of how the Home Office and the courts have between them systematically destroyed all normal standards of human rights and proper judicial procedures in the administration of immigration control.

It has now become possible for a person whose settlement here has been accepted for many years to be alleged to have employed deception and treated as an illegal entrant. Parliament in 1971 clearly intended that such cases should be dealt with by criminal prosecution and possible deportation, with proper judicial safeguards. Now, however, the Home Office, in an unparalleled example of arbitrary executive power, is acting on the decisions of civil servants, who can have people arrested without warrant, imprisoned without charge or trial, and repatriated without evidence being placed before a court or any right of appeal before removal.

So today there are over 100 alleged illegal entrants held in our prisons, with no opportunity to apply for bail, awaiting the final decision of the Home Office on whether they are to be removed. Some are – on the Home Office's own later admission – wrongly imprisoned: official figures for 1977 show 61 persons treated as illegal entrants subsequently 'found not to be illegal entrants'. Yet as Nicola Squire shows, the courts – which in any other area than the rights of immigrants would delight in striking down the authority of the executive – have effectively destroyed the traditional remedy of *habeas corpus* as a means of forcing the Home Office to justify its actions. Where the rights of immigrants are concerned, as the Lord Chief Justice put it in another recent case, 'questions of fact are ultimately questions of fact for the Secretary of State'.

TAN MARTIN
General Secretary
Joint Council for the Welfare of Immigrants
44 Theobalds Road, WC1

Richard Nixon's version

Sir, Margaret Halsey's passions do her credit (Letters 16 June), but I am not quite as ignorant about American politics as she thinks. I am well aware that Nixon used 'dirty tricks'. But when he says that the other side used them too, he has a point. It isn't much of a point, but it isn't negligible. And the declared aim of my review, if Ms Halsey will read the beginning of it again, was to expose the book's inherent contradictions, without bringing up evidence from outside. The outside evidence isn't always unequivocal. The internal evidence is.

The Checkers speech might have manipulated Margaret Halsey's emotions but it has never manipulated mine. The speech was as I have described it: maladroit. It is news to me that Nixon has ever been shown 'beyond all dispute' to have accepted a bribe. Certainly his campaign funds were contributed to by special interests, but the same is true of every candidate for high office. It has been shown beyond all dispute that during the Johnson administration money was handed around in suitcases. My point was that on a scale of *financial* corruptibility, Nixon does not rate very high. Nor did Hitler.

Nothing has happened to my 'healthy scepticisim'. It is still precisely that: sceptical. If Ms Halsey believes that 'the mongrelisation of American ethics' began with Nixon, she must be very young. She wants Nixon to have all the vices. In fact he was more dangerous than that, and his book proves it.

CLIVE JAMES
Cambridge.

Ruling the Waves

Sir, I read with interest the article by David Ross entitled 'Will Britain miss out on wave power?' (NS 9 June). While Mr Ross is entitled to his opinions, I must correct some of his more extreme assertions, not in the least the accusation of my own 'extraordinary pessimism' and its co-relation – in Mr Ross's eyes anyway – between this and my former Chairmanship of the Parliamentary Labour Party's miners' group. It does seem strange to conclude that Britain is 'going slow' and there is 'little chance' of an increase in the pace of research and development into wave power when on 6 June, only three days before the article appeared, the Government increased its funds for this very purpose by more than 100 per cent. Further, the programme announced in the White Paper is for an extra £2.5m. for a one year programme only, whereas the existing £2.5m. was over two to three years. In practical terms this means that the rate of assistance will effectively double this year. Beyond that the programme will be reviewed annually from next spring and if justified by progress could build up substantially over the next three or four years. Any limitation to faster progress in wave power is not the level of funding but the state of the technology involved.

I fail to see how that can be called going slow. No matter what Mr Ross may or may not assert about the coal, oil and nuclear lobbies, there is no criteria for increasing resources for the wave power programme other than the technological performance of the devices in question. On the matter of the Japanese progress on the Kaimei Device the impression is given that this is a totally new venture about which we know nothing. The fact of the matter is that the UK is participating closely in the Kaimei development under the auspices of the International Energy Agency which is why in April I announced that £300,000 would be spent on a co-operative venture to place a UK turbine within this device. It used to be said that Britain ruled the waves. I intend to see that they do again.

ALEX EADIE
Parliamentary Secretary
Department of Energy
Millbank, SW1

Improprieties on the mantelpiece

Sir, Reference Mr Arthur Freeman's letter (Letters 12 May) suggesting my second volume of memoirs, *Messengers of Day*, is mistaken in coupling Gerald Duckworth, the publisher, with his brother George, regarding their half-sister Virginia Woolf's accusations of taking liberties with her when young. Professor Quentin Bell (author of *Virginia Woolf: A Biography*, 1972) informed me some years ago that the alleged improprieties on the mantelpiece were in fact attributed by Mrs Woolf to Gerald Duckworth, not as stated in Professor Bell's biography to George.

ANTHONY POWELL
The Chantry
Frome, Somerset

Gaitskell and the Public School

Sir, Christopher Price's gratuitous remark about Hugh Gaitskell helping to save the public schools (Westminster Diary, 16 June) will not do. Gaitskell was among the few Labour front benchers to take an interest in the subject at all and from 1955 made persistent attempts to persuade the NEC to tackle the issues. It is true he was not in favour of abolition at a stroke, and in a letter to me in November 1958 set out some of the reasons for this: 'I'm afraid I do take the view that to forbid parents under any circumstances to pay for the education of their children is to go too far in interfering in people's liberty. If in taking this line we lose your radical intellectuals. I can only say that if we did what they want we would lose literally millions of votes . . . personally as I expect you know I wanted to throw open the public schools to merit not wealth but I could not carry the Party on this.' He took the Fleming-plus line: make at least half the places free, gradually increasing this proportion. He saw this as a step towards reducing privilege. He had no doubt that the public schools were a source of social evil and that gradually and with maximum consent, in the end they must be abolished.

JULIA MCNEAL
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London SE12

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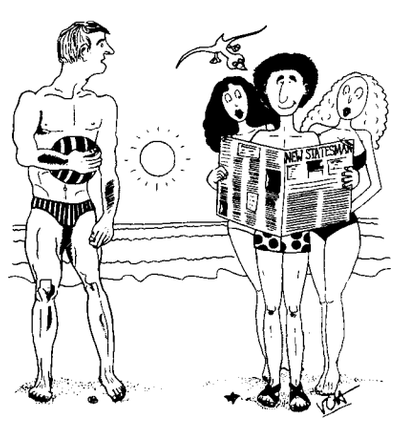

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Peter Conrad

The Miseries of the Text

The Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: Vol. III, 1821-1828 edited by Alan G. Hill *Oxford* £20

Wordsworth's letters are not casual psychological effusions like those of Keats and Byron. They represent a willed retreat from the blandishments of Romantic personality; they record not the mind in volatile action but the mind inversely aspiring to that condition of placidity and dreariness which Wordsworth identified as the secret of his visionary power.

The dullness of the letters – obsequious communications to local lordlings, bureaucratic memos to the Commissioners of Stamps, portentous depositions on the Catholic question, anxious arrangements for transferring investments – is deliberate and significant: it stands for a studious suppression of character, and for the mind's evacuation of itself. Extended through the volumes of this Oxford edition, the dullness becomes epic. For epic delights in longueurs, in the patient fortitude of tedium. According to the romantic aesthetics of Jean Paul Richter, imperturbable protraction is the rhythm of epic, because it answers to the uneventful inexhaustibility of mental processes. The growth of the mind is an epic subject for Wordsworth because of its freedom from the distraction of incident. Boredom – Coleridge's dejection, Keats's drowsy numbness, the sloth of Jane Austen's Lady Bertram, Wordsworth's own wise passiveness – is the Romantic version of mysticism; it marks the mind's solemn contemplation of its own infinitude and its gradual repletion of the world. Vegetatively, thought grows vaster than empires and more slow.

The slumbrous Romantic mind relies on memory to protect it from the importunity of experience, which wants to startle it awake. Instead of experiencing things afresh, it prefers to re-experience them. Wordsworth's formula for poetry was emotion recollected in tranquillity, which means emotion tranquillised by recollection. This is also his formula for the composition of letters. Writing, for Wordsworth, was a compensation for the inability to experience: he wrote poetry not out of imaginative elation but as a threnody and a therapy for the loss of imagination. The creative state depends not on excitement but on the absence of emotion. Dorothy explains to Edward Quillinan in one of these letters that her brother can't as yet write a poem about Mrs Quillinan's death because his mind is too nervously active. Poetry requires a relapse into the peace of vacuity.

Relying on memory to sedate experience and meditation to ingest it, Wordsworth is less interested in writing than in re-writing. Hence the revisions to *The Prelude*; hence too the labour of transcription and translation reported in these letters. Rewriting is the mind's eventual victory over the experience which originally roused it from its visionary torpor. Dorothy occupies herself during the early part of this volume in transcribing her journal of a continental tour; William makes copies of his poems for distribution to friends. Entranced by the mind's capacity for refraction, transmitting significances from one language and one age to others, he puzzles over his translations from Virgil, and compares them with Dryden's renderings. His own poetry is subjected to a similar appropriation by other minds, which rewrite it in their quite different terms: he receives a German translation of 'We are Seven', but is mortified because he can't decipher the Gothic script.

The remembering and rewriting mind stands on guard against the solicitations of experience, and trains itself in abstinence. Dorothy explains to Henry Crabb Robinson that William had at first enthused over his suggestion of a tour to Austria, but then set himself to chasten the notion by meditating on it, forcibly tranquillising it. Having initially exclaimed 'I'll go with him!' he soon afterwards concluded, as if remembering some prior obligation, 'that *for him* the journey would be impossible'. Dorothy applies the same celibate self-distrust to her correspondence. Wordsworth criticised Scott for carrying a notebook with him in the fields and incontinently jotting down immediate impressions: he should have permitted a decent interval during which the mind could recompose the picture, eliminating all but 'the ideal and essential truth'. Dorothy likewise castigates herself for replying at once to letters she receives. She calls this promptness selfish, and apologises to Robinson because 'you had no sooner cast a burthen off your shoulders than another was ready to be cast *upon* them', the new infliction being her reply.

The ideal truth Wordsworth refers to in the comment on Scott would, like all his landscapes – the naked pool in 'The Thorn', the still, silent heart of London seen from Westminster Bridge, the detritus of Margaret's cottage – be a vacancy. The mind works to empty nature of its contents, successively cancelling them out as happens with the girl glimpsed near the beacon in *The Prelude*; it wants to transform the brutishness of objects into serene, abstracted subjectivity. People worry Wordsworth because they are competing centres of subjectivity: they insist on having minds of their own. His revenge is geological. He denies their subjectivity and becalms them as inert, insentient objects: Lucy is joined to the rocks and stones; Michael freezes into the stones of his sheepfold; the leech-gatherer solidifies into a rocky outcrop. Description for Wordsworth isn't a reflex of the mind's garrulous enjoyment of nature but the mind's punishment of nature. Dorothy brilliantly describes her brother's art in saying that some verses he'd contributed to her travel journal are 'as good as a descriptive tour – without describing'. He describes by refusing to describe; he records action by recording immobility: Lucy bereft of motion, or the paralysed Michael who 'never lifted up a single stone'. The same admiration of absence recurs in the letters. Dorothy, remarking that 'no news is generally good', is gratified by not receiving letters. Equally, she is remorseful about sending them. Not only do they impose on the addressee the tiresome obligation of replying, but they also, adding insult to injury, extort from him a payment: postage was charged on delivery. She and her brother are forever apologising that their letters aren't worth the postage.

Wordsworth endowed memory with the inquisitorial privileges which an older morality had invested in the conscience. Memory permits the subject to see himself as an object (which for Wordsworth is the mind's most ambitious extension of itself) by recalling himself inside his own past. This determines the form of *The Prelude*, and it is a frequent topic in the letters. Wordsworth praises dame schools because their obtuse rote-learning 'practised the memory'. He apologises for forgetting a message by saying 'both my body and my memory were run off their legs', at once substituting memory for the mind or soul which are conventionally placed in apposition to the body and equipping a mental power with physical advantages by giving the memory legs: memory is indeed ambulatory, tirelessly walking backwards and forwards inside the head.

Remembering correctly becomes a legalistic duty. Dorothy applied to Walter Scott to settle a dispute between William and herself. She was convinced that they had visited Anna Seward with Scott 16 years before; William denied it. Scott sided with William, who assessed his submission as if it were evidence in a court: 'your testimony though negative only, and inferential tends to establish the truth of my recollection'. Even mountaineering turns into time-travel. The vertical ascent is for Dorothy a descent into the past, a reclamation of her remembered youth: 'the pure air of high places seems to restore all my youthful feelings.'

Because Wordsworth emphasises not the afflatus of creation but the meditative sobriety of recreation, and because writing is for him an admission of imaginative failure (you only think of capturing the vision once it has departed), he is revealingly dismissive about the art of composition in these letters. He embodies not the pleasure but the misery of the text. Writing is penitential and physically disabling. During these years he suffered from an inflammation of the eyes which relieved him of the noxious task: he transferred the responsibility to an amanuensis. Dorothy also suffers from the writer's demoralising mental cramps, apologising to Robinson for writing too promptly and to Elizabeth Crump for being 'slow in writing'.

Both she and William confess their dislike in their calligraphy. They revenge themselves on the tedious, wearying text by spoiling it as they write. Francis Wrangham saw Wordsworth's illegible hand as an act of sabotage, as if his writing were self-condemned to obscurity: 'Why is it that those who can write so well in one sense, write generally so ill in another?' Dorothy too laments her 'bad penmanship', which she fears (or perhaps hopes) will injure the eyes of her correspondents. Like a perverse workman, she blames her own impatience on refractory tools: 'my pen wants to be done', she says, hastily concluding a note. Wordsworth saw the pen as his enemy:

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'Southey used to say that his pen was his magic wand', but 'the touch of it benumbs me'. He retaliated by misusing it. His slovenly scrawl was also a subversion of character. Sending an autograph to John Brewster, he regrets 'that the penmanship is not a more worthy memorial' of himself. Signing his name is a declaration of identity; writing it illegibly is a revocation of the act.

For the same self-denying reason, Wordsworth prided himself on his epistolary dullness. He objected to public curiosity about the private papers of his contemporaries, and made sure his own letters were so forbiddingly dreary that no one would covet or preserve them. He wrote not to become himself, like Keats fabricating a soul from the indistinct mess of his sensations, but to escape from himself, and the letters were essential to his strategy of evasion. They are therefore, at one and the same time, uninteresting and fascinating.

Alan Ryan

Laid Low

Sex Law by TONY HONORÉ *Duckworth* £8.95

Legal theorists, philosophers and, for that matter, practising lawyers have had very little to say about the legal regulation of sexual activity, and that, as Tony Honoré says, is a curious state of affairs in a society where morality and sexual morality are pretty well thought to be coterminous. An 'immoral woman' is not one who fails to pay the milk bill, won't learn to cook, and refuses to teach her daughter how to play football – the necessary and sufficient condition of her immorality is that she sleeps around. The past performances of legal philosophers, however, don't exactly make one wish that they had taken the subject more seriously: Kant's account of marriage was that it is a mutual and exclusive lease of the husband and wife's sexual organs; Mill's distaste for the whole enterprise was such that he placed all his hopes in the ability of morally elevated women to subdue the 'animal instinct' of their husbands; and FitzJames Stephen found even this reference 'verging on the indecent'.

Sex Law occasionally verges on the vulgar, but that is a small price to pay for the lucidity, orderliness and moral good sense with which Tony Honoré sets out the main lines of the law's treatment of marriage, unmarried cohabitation, sexual assaults, homosexual relations and prostitution. He operates according to the best analytical principles; that is, he briefly sets out the social background against which the law is supposed to work, and tries to elicit the objects it is supposed to serve; the present state of the law in the non-communist industrial societies is then explained; and the discussion is rounded off with the consideration of possible improvements in the law. In addition, he has a useful chapter of statistics of the numbers of men and women convicted of the various sexual offences, and some pertinent observations on how the law needs to be changed.

There are, of course, some mind-boggling

Melvyn Bragg
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curiosities here. For instance, an indecent assault on a woman carries a maximum penalty of two years, an indecent assault on a man a maximum penalty of ten. It is no doubt true that those who devised the statute were trying to protect men against other men – but both legally and in fact women are perfectly capable of committing an indecent assault. The offences attracting a possible life sentence are a strangely mixed bag, too – rape; intercourse with a girl under 13; permitting a girl under 13 to use one's premises for intercourse; buggery of a boy under 16, of a woman, even if she is one's wife, or of an animal; and incest with a girl under 13. Given that sexual activities, whether licit or illicit, are more apt than most to go on in private, the ratio of convictions to offences seems likely to be higher than in such areas as common assaults, robbery and the like. So indeed it is. Since the law treats children under the age of 16 as unable to consent to sexual activity, heavy petting is technically an indecent assault; on Honoré's calculations, it looks as if 35,000 girls commit such an offence annually, of whom, in 1975, only two were convicted. And, apropos the official figures for convictions, it is surely odd that convictions for indecency between men were three times *greater* in 1975 than in 1965, although the Sexual Offences Act of 1967 made homosexual acts between consenting males over the age of 21 no longer criminal. Can it be that 'coming out' involves a taste for *al fresco* sex rather than merely for self-understanding?

But all these are so to speak sociological rather than legal curiosities. We are curious to know why legislators thought that one offence was so much more important than another; we want to know if legal prohibition on sex with animals really can be explained in terms of society attempting to direct us all towards the kind of married sex which will keep up the population and provide for the upbringing of the young, or whether it serves some more mysterious purpose; we want to know how it came about that men and women can be convicted of living on immoral earnings, and women but not men convicted of controlling prostitutes. As compared with, say, the law of contract, though, sex *law* is important, but not otherwise very interesting.

Its importance is obvious, and this book says why in some detail. To the extent that the law can reduce the very peculiar and very peculiarly painful kinds of unhappiness which stem from sexual frustration or sexual exploitation without unduly trespassing on individual freedom it ought to be organised to do so. Our concern for privacy makes it so much harder for the law to act efficiently; but we are equally concerned that privacy should not be a screen for the bullies and the exploiters. The relatively uninteresting nature of the law stems from much the same facts. In commercial activities, we rely on the law to allow us to set up elaborately impersonal lines of communication with one another. Here the law plays a creative rather than a repressive role, and the intricacy of the legal mechanisms we employ reflects this creativity. The civil law of marriage is interesting insofar as marriage is a curious kind of contract; but the sexual side of the criminal law suffers from the fact that, *pace* Sade and others, our sexual activities are inevitably too direct, too personal, and too circumscribed in their aims for them to provide a basis for crimes of any intrinsic legal complexity.

Hermione Lee

Blue Moon

The Wise Wound: Menstruation and Everywoman by PENELOPE SHUTTLE and PETER REDGROVE *Gollancz* £7.95

Since Germaine Greer shocked her unliberated sisters by telling them that they had a long way to go if they were sickened by the thought of drinking their own menstrual blood, feminists have increasingly been lifting the 'blanket of silence' (Shuttle and Redgrove's phrase) from the subject of menstruation. Remarkably few feminist books, however, have dedicated themselves to it entirely, as Shuttle and Redgrove (hereinafter S/R) found when they began their research. *The Wise Wound* is an important book because it is the first to deal fully with 'the Curse' in order to persuade readers of both sexes, by invoking a great deal of suggestive information from many sources (anthropology, biology, history, sociology and psychology), that the Curse is, in fact, a Blessing. (The oppressiveness of that traditional euphemism is as nothing compared to others in S/R's extraordinary list: 'gal's at the stockyards', 'ketchup', 'manhole covers', 'Grandma is here', 'Friedrich Barbarossa', and Carrington's 'The Fiend'.)

But liberation has come a long way since *The Female Eunuch,* and Greer's fighting words have little in common with the consciousness-raising offered by S/R. (She is not in their wide bibliography, which is dominated by Jungs – C. G. and Emma – and by Jungian-influenced writers such as John Campbell and Redgrove's teacher, the analyst John Layard.) As the book's title suggests, liberation no longer comes from intellectual assertion or political activity, but from within: from an instinctive rapport with the body's processes, which will enable the 'wound' (the wall of the uterus, left raw and sensitive after its lining has been shed) to give up its 'wisdom'.

For this beneficial change to take place, women must free themselves from the taboos which patriarchal societies have always imposed on the threateningly creative menstruators.

> By all love's soft, yet mighty powers,
> It is a thing unfit
> That men should fuck in time of flowers,
> Or when the smock's beshit.

S/R don't use this apt piece of Rochester (their book chooses largely to ignore literary references). But their quotation from Pliny's *Natural History* ('Hardly can there be found a thing more monstrous than this flux and course of theirs') sets the tone for the mixture of fear and envy – fear of castration and of the women's eroticism, envy of her fertility – which recurs in persecutions as wide-ranging as the tribal customs recorded by Frazer (New Ireland pubescent girls shut up in cages for four or five years), the witch hunts of the Middle Ages, and 'the medical jargon of modern mental hospitals that arrest and condemn women in the name of their male psychoanalysts who worship male psychology, and have no knowledge of the special events that belong to women'. Since menstruation is officially regarded as an excretory process ('the tears of the womb disappointed of conception') in contrast to the 'positive' phase of ovulation, women are taught to feel ashamed of this function: the 'obedient, good little ovulating mother' is praised, the 'menstruating fiend' is rejected. Women who may feel creative and sexually energetic at this time are told to feel dirty, ill and untouchable. Pain and depression result; menstruation becomes a 'slum' where 'disease, riots, sickness, bad repair, antique sanitation' hold sway.

The least esoteric of the S/R slum-clearance projects is that women's increased eroticism during menstruation (a well-authenticated fact) should not be thwarted. Masters and Johnson have already established that masturbation is a good cure for dysmenorrhea; part of the wound's wisdom is the intensity of sexual pleasure it can bring. But this straightforward piece of taboo-raising is only one of the routes to 'body-prayer'. The wisdom of the wound may also be discovered through a reinterpretation of Jungian dream-analysis, whereby menstruation is found to contribute 'to the formation of an aware dream-personality, with all the part this can play in self-integration'. An understanding of menstrual dreams is bound up with the re-examination of the Grail legend. Emma Jung's book on this is used as the basis for a theory that the Grail is 'an allegory for the female womb' and that the story can give practical aid in convincing us of the 'redeeming secrets' contained in menstruation. Dream and myth are related to the book's presiding deity, the Moon. Scientific, mythological and linguistic evidence is employed to suggest that women can actually relate their cycles to the Moon's cycle, and thereby 'recover their feminine instincts in a patriarchal secular world'.

Though S/R do not go quite so far as to recommend astrological birth control in lieu of the Pill, they make a case for it, and are concerned at every point to invest their researches with practical utility: 'There is really nothing mystical in this', they comment characteristically, in describing animal responses to lunar tides. One's respect for this pragmatic tone is undermined, however, by the more emotional passages involving crude, hysterical distinctions between the bogeys of Science, Freudian analysis, doctors, politicians, war and pollution, and the natural body-life of women:

> Men can fly from the truth, but women face the deep instinctual truth of their bodies each month. In the world of lying politics and double agents, truth-telling may well seem a disadvantage, and the bearer of truth a dangerous dissident who must be called 'ill' and confined if possible to a mental ward.

> The hard light of the sun divides and discriminates . . . the moon with her soft light appears to unite everything, like love or intuition . . . moonlight seems to belong to the woman and sunlight to the perfecting patriarch: too much of solar intellect in society, with atomic bomb technology . . . is likely to reduce the world to a dust-bowl.

The problem raised by such caricaturing absolutism is partly one of language: the lyrical rhetoric that dominates the book can only seem sentimental to unbelievers. But it is also one of attitudes towards the meaning of liberation.

Everywoman turns out to be none other

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than the instinctual inward-looking earth mother, in a regression to the very prototypes that Greer and others were combating in the early Seventies. If 'love', 'softness' and 'intuition' are once again to stand for femininity, what becomes of the woman who is more interested in her work than her womb, and who may herself belong to the world of 'lying politics and double agents', of dividers and discriminators? If the book does not quite suggest that she is a monster, it certainly would allow her no 'wisdom'.

Jonathan Keates

Absolutely Everybody

Growing Up On 'The Times' by LOUIS HEREN *Hamish Hamilton* £6.95
Blood, Brains and Beer by DAVID OGILVY *Hamish Hamilton* £3.95
Little Eden by EVA FIGES *Faber* £4.50
Look Back With Mixed Feelings by DODIE SMITH *W. H. Allen* £5.95

Most autobiography is based on the impertinent premise that status guarantees interest. The resultant pitfalls are obvious: name-dropping, dismally pompous essays in hindsight, lapidary evaluations and lots of bogus reticence in the name of good taste. Still, the books keep on coming, fuelled by our apparently insatiable desire to poke about in the detritus of celebrity. The authors, what is more, grow younger and younger, and ever more presumptuous.

Louis Heren has not yet done with *The Times*, of which, as the front jacket of his new book opportunely reminds us, he is Deputy Editor. This after some 30 years of covering an awesome parade of world affairs, Indian partition, Korea, Israel, Kennedy's US, while attempting, more or less successfully, to hold together a family between assignments. He meets Absolutely Everybody to an extent as fatiguing as a day among the back-numbers at Colindale. The effect is strangely reminiscent of the cast of a Shakespeare history play, where nobody below the rank of knight gets a look in. Enter Mountbatten, Nehru and Jinnah, exit Gandhi, exeunt Johnson and Eisenhower, re-enter Nixon.

As Heren hops eagerly and nimbly from crisis to crisis, like a penguin over an ice-floe, the pungent actuality of characters and surroundings, so nicely conveyed in the early chapter of Hindu-Moslem riots in northern India, turns stale and achieves a sort of trivial monotony, as big story follows big story and events emulsify into news. He writes with practised clarity and alertness, and his assessments are, alas, admirably dispassionate, but the book's total effect is unfortunate. He is as frank as he can be, never as he might be, and a prevailing air of decent responsibility, so typical of his own paper, dampens interest immediately. Those who enjoyed the tenderly recorded *Growing Up Poor in East London* will find the dignified reserve here an embarrassment. Whatever else it may be, Heren's book is not about growing up on *The Times*.

An altogether jollier, less buttoned-up figure emerges in David Ogilvy, who you may recall, brought the moustachioed Commander Whitehead into the Schweppes ads, created the Guinness guides to cheese, oysters and other goodies, and wooed consumer America with the man in the eye-patch and the Hathaway shirt. A magazine called *Fortune* suggested that he was a genius, the Tories courted his expertise in reorganising their publicity machine, he got the CBE and invitations to the White House, and the Library of Congress asked for his papers.

Despite a Surrey childhood and the potent tincture of Madison Avenue, Ogilvy gives himself the classic and still not wholly unappealing guise of the buckish, success-orientated Scot, delivering a typical I-was-a-duffer-but-look-at-me-now harangue to the youth of Fettes, and detailing the expected tough-but-ruthless credo of the ad-man. Now he lives in Poitou, watching the hoopoes on the lawn of his apricot (yes, apricot) coloured chateau, where the groom wakes him with a *trompe-de-chasse* and dinner is cooked by a chef from the Paris Majestic. Something, he implies, in the porridge at Fettes.

Ogilvy can't, of course, write for toffee. Eva Figes can, though the appearance of a muted, sentimentally-tinged memoir of some more or less unremarkable experiences as a wartime evacuee in Cirencester by the author of *Patriarchal Attitudes: Women in Society* has something mildly bizarre about it, like those biographical records of Rosa Luxemburg which are at pains to assure us that she was just a soft old fondant underneath it all, or Krupskaya's wearisome reminders that Lenin had a sense of humour. Restrained and intelligent though it is, the book justifies itself only in its fleeting glimpses of Zoë and Hillie, her schoolmistresses, creatures of exemplary charm and discrimination in moulding the young Figes.

Much the best of the batch, and, indeed, in a final analysis, the only one which ought ever to have been written, is a second volume from Dodie Smith. Even if she had never wowed a middlebrow public with *Dear Octopus* and *101 Dalmatians*, she would have made a point or two in these pictures of an Edwardian adolescence, its dramatis personae straight out of *Ann Veronica* or *Sinister Street*. A splendidly high-minded education at St Paul's, with Holst losing his temper in the singing class and the headmistress vainly trying to curb an epidemic of fainting in prayers, is followed by RADA and her first part, notably miscast at £2 a week in a musical called *Kitty Grey* as a dashing American who shakes strong men's hands so hard that they wince.

The book closes with a superbly delineated seduction, managed in the interstices of acting with Evelyn Laye and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davis and fending off a vintage rotter of a step-father. The elements cohere beautifully, the sneaking tube-ride to Hampstead, the amber-shaded studio lamps and gold-painted gas-stove, the laborious expectations crowned with boredom and dislike of sharing a bed, and the morning flit through London in search of a loo. This is autobiography at its most refined, a triumph of self-deprecating amusement, modesty and common sense.

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Derek Mahon

Have a Heart

The Onion, Memory by CRAIG RAINE *Oxford* £2.25

The Pleasure Steamers by ANDREW MOTION *Carcanet* £2

Readers of this periodical and followers of contemporary poetry will have been aware for some time of the unusual talent of Craig Raine – no relation, incidentally, of the poet Kathleen Raine. A selection of his work appeared in the Faber *Poetry Introduction 4*, and now Oxford have given us his first full collection. It's a substantial collection in one sense (84 pages) and in another sense not. But first the good news. Only occasionally does a poet appear whose voice is instantly and uniquely recognisable, and Raine is such a poet. Pseudonymous and badly type-written, as for a competition, a poem by him would not long retain its pseudonymity. His peculiar and startling metaphors would give him away at once. Also his predilection for the present indicative tense. Thus:

> Surrounded by sausages, the butcher stands
> smoking a pencil like Isambard Kingdom Brunel.

Or:

> Without thinking, the giant
> puts a kettle on the octopus.

Or:

> A fire flexes its flayed musculature,
> crazy with neglect.

Most things in the book happen like this, and while they can become tiresome, wearying you with their gratuitous cleverness, one must acknowledge the figurative sureness of touch, the surprise and pleasure Raine provides, not only at his best but almost as a matter of course.

Contemporary English poetry is full of people – living, loving, dying and being remembered. This is appropriate in a humanistic culture. Raine's poetry, too, is densely populated, but the object has a life of its own – not as a rule the anthropomorphic life attributed to it by certain French and American poets, although at one point he does say precisely this:

> Esse is percipi. Berkeley knew
> the gentle irony of objects, how
> they told amusing lies and drew laughter,
> if only we believed our eyes.

But something (a fear of pretension, a distrust of the numinous?) keeps him chary of an intellectual commitment to this line of thought, with the result that what might have been (might yet be, perhaps) metaphysical in the strict sense, remains merely playful. Some, including the poet himself no doubt, will take issue with that 'merely', but I offer the observation for what it's worth. This is, of course, a first volume; and who, contemplating, say, the early work of Wallace Stevens, could have foreseen 'The Idea of Order at Key West'? Playful or not, an attentive interest in the things of this world is no bad way for a poet to begin. Perhaps it's the best way, even the only way. An accusation of mereness would be premature. But I'm reviewing *The Onion, Memory*, not his future work, so let me return to it, with its Nabokovian title.

Nabokov, in *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight*, speaks of 'that real sense of beauty which has far less to do with art than with the constant readiness to discern the halo round a frying pan'. Raine appears to have little interest in 'beauty', 'art' or halos, but his imagination is fired by the sight of a cheesewire ('a sun-dial selling by the hour'), a wall-phone ('the flex/is Jewish Orthodox' – I presume he means Hassidic), the 'Regency stripes' of a college lawn, a horse's mouth 'like a boxing glove', 'cabbage whites with caviar eyes', a spectacle case 'like a mussel'. These are the things for which this collection will be deservedly praised.

As for its human population, I'm not so sure. A poet like Douglas Dunn, who has already submitted objects to the Rainean treatment, and as arrestingly (television aerials like Chinese calligraphy, 'the music inside fruit'), has also written so well and with such insight about other people that nothing less will suffice. I fear that Raine, preoccupied with the quiddity of objects and the figurative *trouvaille*, doesn't really give a damn about the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker: he prefers the company of the chop, the loaf and the candlestick. This wouldn't matter if he didn't sometimes seem a little heartless.

Thus, consider 'Home for the Elderly', where youth appears to mock at age, or 'Danse Macabre', where a man who has collapsed on the pavement is whimsically compared to a Blue Period Picasso. 'All day he wrings his hands, crying buckets', says Raine of a window cleaner; but this tells us nothing about the window cleaner, only about language. James Joyce, whom he clearly admires (two of the poems bear Joycean epigraphs), told us about both. Raine himself may be aware of this limitation, or I may be misinterpreting his tone of voice, for one of the Joycean epigraphs (from the correspondence) reads: 'The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation.' The other (from *Ulysses*) is a line which, in context, resounds with mystery and pathos: 'The man in the brown macintosh loves a lady who is dead.' Is Raine a little unsure of himself, or is he very sure of himself indeed?

'Heartless', like 'merely', may be premature, for there are indications that Raine has felt as well as seen:

> We never close
> the branch-line of the heart,
> its sad little, slow little sewing machine.

Conventionally enough, the one moving poem in the book, and the most achieved, is the title poem, in which the poet revisits his ex-wife:

> Divorced, but friends again at last,
> we walk old ground together

They pass an amicable and inconsequential day while, outside, 'the trees are bending over backwards/to please the wind'. He slices onions; she does some sewing: 'It is the onion, memory, that makes me cry.' Here, at last, is the human face; and, as if to acknowledge the depth of his engagement, the object itself rises to the occasion.

Craig Raine makes an appearance in Andrew Motion's first collection, where Motion dedicates a poem to him. The poem, 'Leaving Belfast', is one of the best in the book; and, as one who has left Belfast many times (usually vowing never to return), I found it particularly memorable —

> How clear the rows of streetlamps show
> which way we came. I trace them slope
> by slope through marshlands slipping down
> to lanes, and find the roofs again

But, in general, Motion's landscapes are English – even, as they say, 'very English'. (He did postgraduate work on Edward Thomas.) *The Pleasure Steamers* is barely audible beside *The Onion, Memory*, yet possesses a quiet integrity the other lacks; Motion is the tortoise to Raine's hare, if these categories have any significance. My own view is that they haven't, and that Raine and Motion will develop in their separate ways, enriching a tradition that has learnt to accommodate both.

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LM

This English

It is particularly disarming to see a solecism glowering at you from a headline — did *no one* sense that something was wrong? Similarly, our third entry started life with embarrassing prominence, emblazoned in purple print over a fetching photograph of a railway train. A ridiculous near-homophone and a very nasty coinage round off the column. £3 for the first entry, £2 for the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard. The usual reminder that the more celebrated the sinner, the greater the likelihood of your cashing in. For the moment, we've enough, thanks, from Sir Len Hutton and the NS.

☐ French Communists Flaunting Party, Hoping for Open Forum **Headline** *International Herald Tribune* (Eric Hutch)

☐ Amoco Cadiz: who's fault? **Headline** *Sunday Times* (John Stretch)

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☐ Here is this famous song, so provocative of a long ago and lost England of fogs and gas-lit music halls . . . **Stanley Reynolds** *Radio Times* (H. R. Sanders)

☐ . . . and so once again a World Cup began with scrappy disco-ordinated football that did scant justice to the months of ballyhoo which had preceded it. *Guardian* (K. Beevers)

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Tom Hopkinson

Still Life

Pictures on a Page by HAROLD EVANS
Heinemann £9.75

Essentially this book is a tool for working journalists, giving information and advice covering every aspect of the use and handling of photographs in newspapers.The editor of the *Sunday Times* supports his analysis with over 400 photographs, including most of the famous news pictures taken during the last 30 years. It will not surprise those who lived through this period to learn that – apart from sport, fashion, and a few children and animals doing their familiar picture-stealing routine – more of the photographs deal with war, disaster, horror, misery and crime, than with love, joy, happiness and peace. But what may surprise readers who had seen these pictures only in muddy newspaper reproduction, overshadowed by heavy headings and sliced into by advertisements or captions, is the sight of them as they came from the darkroom, sharp, clear and intact (the book is printed on fine paper and dramatically laid out by Edwin Taylor, design director of the *Sunday Times).*

But is there any point in this impressive exercise? Or is the still photograph – as many editors evidently believe, and most newspapers by their neglect, or even more insulting misuse, of photography imply – already dead? This is not the view of Harold Evans, who asserts in his preface:

> The still photograph is not to be supplanted by the ephemera of the night's television. It can provide a permanent visual experience. But photography is a wasted medium on so many newspapers, a mere token tribute to a technical capacity.

He has been sustained in what must have been a prodigious labour 'by a belief that there is too little discussion of the principles of selection and editing and by a deepening depression at what passes for photojournalism'.

If the thorough discussion of such principles and practices can indeed restore to newspaper photography its true and honourable function, then that 'deepening depression' from which many of us suffer may be lifted, for the book covers virtually every aspect: choosing the best picture out of many; 'cropping' a print to concentrate interest; 'retouching' to eliminate what is unnecessary or confusing; scaling a picture up or down to fit the required space; writing and placing of caption and heading to ensure that its message gets across . . . I doubt if the basic techniques for handling pictures have ever been so fully analysed or lucidly expressed. The author also goes into some of the ethical considerations – how far, for instance, is photography liable to create, misrepresent or falsify, and how far may it be permissible for a photographer to rearrange a situation without destroying its veracity? He quotes with approval the words of Eugene Smith that most picture stories require some stage direction to bring pictorial and editorial coherence to the pictures, adding, 'There is nothing unethical in this if the picture is true to the spirit of the story and the reader is not deceived.'

Two useful features are a number of statements by photographers themselves, and a section on the use of drawings and graphics of various kinds to explain incidents – such as a kidnapping or bank raid – in which photography is either missing or inadequate. This is a technique in which the *Sunday Times* has been particularly successful in the past decade.

Not surprisingly, photographers have conflicting ideas on what they are trying to do and how to set about their work, and the value of their statements lies precisely in such differences. 'Inside movement', said Henri Cartier-Bresson's famous statement of faith, 'there is one moment in which the elements are in balance. Photography must seize the importance of this moment and hold immobile the equilibrium of it.' But Bryan Wharton reports: 'I always take photographs in phrases. Looking always for the one picture which tells the story is a futility.' 'When I make a portrait,' observes Arnold Newman, 'I don't take a photograph, I build it, seeking all those graphic elements that will express the most common denominator of the subject.' 'I have no basic idea what I want,' says David Montgomery. 'It begins when I look through the camera. I don't hide the fact that I'm nervous and not sure what to do.'

No book on such a scale can be complete. Too little attention is paid, in my opinion, to the use of photographs as open propaganda to assert a viewpoint – a kind of pictorial leader-writing. A notable example was the sequence 'Back to the Middle Ages', compiled by Stefan Lorant for *Picture Post,* in which he contrasted the most bestial portraits of the Nazi leaders with the most sympathetic ones of those intellectuals and artists whom they were driving out of Germany. Among newsreels, the 'March of Time' programmes were deliberately constructed in this way, often even staged. And surely the creation of photographic cartoons, for instance by John Heartfield, and the use of 'social' photographs with a deliberate cartoon effect, required fuller consideration.

On the question of ethics, it was, I think, misleading that Bert Hardy's account of photographing an old man in Korea should have been picked on by the *Sunday Times* magazine in its preview of the book as an example of 'How the Camera can Lie'. In the book itself Hardy is quoted as saying:

> I set it up. Everybody was walking past but I had the idea and asked a GI to give the old man some water for the sake of the picture. He said he would if I was quick – and if we used my water ration.

However, the story as told to reporter Brian Dowling much nearer the time and recorded in the book about Hardy published in 1975 was subtly different:

> We saw a Korean, perhaps 80 years old, lying in a gateway . . . I bent down over the old boy. His eyes flickered, so he wasn't dead. But his lips were parched, so I thought I'd better give him a drink. Then I thought of a picture, and asked a soldier to give him the drink instead. The soldier agreed – so long as it came out of my water-bottle. After that I got some soldiers to move the old man into the shade.

There is not much here to show the camera as a liar.

Inevitably also there are occasional errors and failures of identification. 'Comparison pictures' (a man who looks like a bulldog facing a bulldog who looks like a man) were not an invention of *Lilliput* in the 1930s, but of the German magazine *Querschnitt* a decade earlier. The photograph of a hansom cab overthrown in a London street is not 'from the archives of the V & A' but by the renowned early photographer Paul Martin. The supposed 'storming of a German strongpoint', ascribed in the book to the Imperial War Museum and credited in the magazine to 'George Rogers', was taken in the Western Desert by Ian Chetwyn in October 1942. There are other details which a later edition will no doubt correct.

But when all such minor criticisms have been made, it is astonishing that a journalist so occupied and committed as the present editor of the *Sunday Times* should have produced even a single volume on this scale. But as the completion of a five-volume series, covering the whole range of problems involved in the editing and design of newspapers (not forgetting 'newsman's English'), this is truly a massive achievement, which all those concerned for the future of journalism in this country must salute and applaud.

THE PERFORMERS

Politics as theatre. **'We are not likely to see any compendium of Parliament in these 20 years that will challenge in readability, accuracy and shrewdness, the judgements Mr Shrapnel makes on his star cast.'** Harold Lever, *The Guardian*

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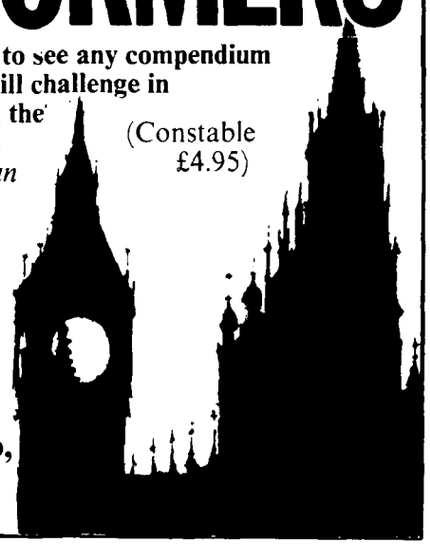
Norman Shrapnel



Shrapnel sums up Callaghan: 'The less you say, the less you do, the less wrong you can be.'

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John Campbell

Wing Play

The Dilemma of Democracy: Diagnosis and Prescription by LORD HAILSHAM *Collins* £4.50

The Binding of Leviathan: Conservatism and the Future by WILLIAM WALDEGRAVE *Hamish Hamilton* £4.95

Centre Forward: A Radical Conservative Programme by RHODES BOYSON *Temple Smith* £5 and £2.25

The Tories are in an unusually deep trough for a political party. Labour had its long period in the wilderness in the Fifties, a dozen years of bitter factional rivalry and ideological soul-searching; but victory in 1964 and the habit of office have bred in it, despite continuing deep divisions and a record of economic failure, an astonishing confidence (arrogance? complacency?) in the face of the enemy. The Tories have now been on the losing side in politics for 15 years, ever since Harold Macmillan's government ran out of steam in 1963. The Heath years failed to arrest the slide: they are seen, within the party, as at best an interlude of sabotaged good intentions but more generally as a catastrophic own goal.

Of these three authors – a nicely balanced trio of three different generations and contrasting shades of Tory philosophy – Lord Hailsham, who was Lord Chancellor, and William Waldegrave, who was a political secretary in Downing Street, are as embarrassed by their association with the Heath-Barber-Walker regime as Rhodes Boyson is thankful to have escaped it. The experience of 1970-74 has had the effect that the hope of victory this year or next, even if it were surer than it is, would not of itself be enough to restore the party's self-confidence. These books – and others recently published – testify to a widespread feeling that Conservatism must redefine its nature and purpose if Margaret Thatcher is to succeed where her predecessor failed in turning the tide of what it is convenient to call 'socialism'. This entails looking back a long way for inspiration.

The simplest approach is that of Rhodes Boyson, to whom the task of Conservatism is nothing less than to dismantle the whole edifice of nationalised basic industries and welfare services established after the war by the Attlee Government and maintained without major alteration by the Conservatives through the Fifties. Dr Boyson has complained that this manifesto has been dismissed by trendy reviewers as simply too 'right-wing' to be taken seriously. So let it be made plain that it is not so much the parts of his programme that are hard to swallow, as the whole blustering tone of it. Few people in any party today are happy with the present structure of the nationalised industries; all parties are disturbed by the disincentive anomalies of the tax and welfare system; Labour councils are beginning to sell council houses; and interest in private health insurance and education vouchers goes wider than the Tory party. The break-up or limitation of the state's monopoly in each of these services can be argued on its practical merits; but it is impossible to take seriously Dr Boyson's fantasy that the bureaucracies he so dislikes can simply be swept away, and that the British people would then revert to a state of 19th-century grace, standing thriftily on their own two feet. The stupidity – it is the only word – of his programme is that he really seems to believe that it is possible to put the political clock back 50 years. A sensitive ear to the public mood is one thing, but for a former headmaster and 'educationist' Dr Boyson places alarming faith in the half-baked wisdom of the public bar. Even if he were right in claiming to articulate the frustrations of 80 per cent of the British public (this is his claim to represent the 'centre') his intolerant nostalgia does not constitute a practicable programme for realising their often contradictory aspirations in the real world; it merely confuses political debate with impossible oversimplification.

William Waldegrave is intellectually the very opposite of Dr Boyson. His slim volume is clever, subtle, elegant and highly polished; very All Souls, very Think Tank. It is also in the best sense a young book. His starting-point is well beyond Boyson's crude old-fashioned socialist-bashing, placing Britain's minor problem of post-industrial adjustment starkly within the context of a bitterly competitive and overpopulated developing world. His dissection of the fallacies and irrelevance of rival ideologies – social democracy and discredited 'growthmanship' in the centre, Marxism and Hayek Liberalism on the wings – is deftly done. Doubts arise only when he comes on to Conservatism. Redefine it he certainly does: his Toryism bears little relation to what we have known by that name in this century. He builds an attractive argument that the sense of 'community' is the ultimate political good and vividly describes how inflation, decimalisation, the legislative see-saw and the destruction of familiar landmarks – architectural and social – have created instead a sense of alienation and 'anomie'. But when the party politician reappears to claim sensitivity to this social dislocation as a uniquely Conservative attribute one's credulity is sadly stretched. The policy of subsidising communes and co-operatives is more readily associated with Tony Benn or the despised Liberals than with Mrs Thatcher and her colleagues. The paradox of this most forward-looking little essay is that it ends up appealing to a nostalgia even more remote than Dr Boyson's.

Lord Hailsham is in considerable sympathy with some of William Waldegrave's rather shadowy objectives, embracing the slogan 'small is beautiful', for instance, and regretting his share of the responsibility for Peter Walker's soulless reorganisation of local government. But he is at the same time an unrepentant liberal Tory of the Macmillan era: as a distinguished member of the last successful Conservative governments he does not have to hark back so far as his iconoclastic juniors for a working model – his Butskellite faith in the mixed economy and the welfare state remains largely unshaken. What troubles him in contemporary politics is not so much its content as its form. The urgent task he sees for Toryism is to safeguard democracy itself by the reform of the Constitution.

He is at pains to stress that he sees a danger as much from the Right as from the Left, though he does not pretend that it is not primarily recent stirrings of intolerance on the Labour Left that have converted him to the view that institutions which worked in his day are now dangerously vulnerable to takeover by a determined minority. His argument is based on the fact that ours is practically the only democratic constitution in the world which gives supreme power to a simple majority of a single unrepresentative chamber, unchecked by either the courts, a second chamber, referenda or any sort of 'basic law' – entrenched law requiring special procedures for its amendment. The House of Commons could repeal Magna Carta or Habeas Corpus – or unilaterally prolong its own life – tomorrow if it wished, quite legally. Our 'unwritten' Constitution, *even if it were written down*, can be torn up at any time.

This possibility has existed ever since the abolition of the House of Lords veto in 1911. Tory lawyers at that time, like F. E. Smith, were quick to point out the imbalance which that abolition created, calling for reform of the Second Chamber on a democratically defensible basis, on precisely the grounds to which Lord Hailsham now recurs. The House of Lords never has been reformed, because for 60 years it never seemed to matter much. Sir Oswald Mosley talked in 1930 of using the power of the Commons to drive through executives decrees without discussion or delay; but he never got the chance. Not until the seriously under-supported governments of the last few years, elected on a small minority of the votes, but claiming a mandate to enact their entire manifesto, has the vulnerability of a virtually single-chamber system to ruthless abuse been so clearly exposed.

Without exaggerating the likelihood of a British Lenin seizing power through control of a tame House of Commons, Lord Hailsham's case for a reformed Second Chamber is overwhelming on the less sensational grounds of efficiency, justice, accountability and sheer democracy. There is no reason why democratic socialists should not take it up as keenly as the Tories, if they are wise, will do. It is not a partisan proposal, but safeguards exactly the sort of liberties they are supposed to care about. An elected Second Chamber offers the solution to so many of the anomalies of our present botched Constitution – not least the devolution tangle. The Proportional Representation dilemma too can be neatly resolved by leaving the executive power in the House of Commons exactly as it is, elected by the first-past-the-post system and free to *govern* as strongly as anyone could wish, but inhibited by a proportionally-elected Upper House from carrying unwanted, partisan or ill-digested *legislation*. The distinction is a vital one; built into a restored Constitution it would enable government to combine strength with legitimacy, as never before, with the minimum of friction. William Waldegrave endorses precisely this proposed division of power. Rhodes Boyson characteristically prefers to restore the hereditary House of Lords, confirming the impression that we have here two wise men and one foolish one.

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Valentine Cunningham

Schnozzola

The Bass Saxophone by JOSEF SKVORECKY translated by Kaca Polackoya-Henley *Chatto* £4.95
New Writing and Writers 15 *John Calder* £4.95 and £2.50
Staggerford by JON HASSLER *Deutsch* £5.50
A Pocket Full of Seeds by MARILYN SACHS *Macdonald & Jane's* £3.25

To heavy-footed Josef Goebbels it was nigger-dancing and Jewish yowling, to socialist realists later just a *Dollar Cacophony*, but to Josef Skvorecky and other Czechs (Milos Forman and Milan Kundera, for instance) jazz has been 'the sacrament that verily knows no frontiers', the *élan vital* of freedom, of creativity itself. No wonder 'the ideological guns and sometimes even the police guns of all the dictatorships are aimed at the men with the horns'. Thus Skvorecky in his stirring memoir of jazz under the dictators: a story of Storeyville's far-flung tang, of smuggled Chick Webb 78s, illicitly swung hops, and emancipation by Graeme Bell's Dixielanders, which forms a prelude to his two enticing nouvelles about the force of jazz art.

The Bass Saxophone is about that legendary Dadaist instrument, encountered under the occupation when not Eddie Condon and his Chicagoans but *Lothar Kinze mit seinem Unterhaltungs-Orchester* turns up to do a one-nighter for the Germans. Their saxman is mysteriously ill (there's blood in the bathroom) so the boyish narrator is roped in to blow with Kinze's clutch of artistic grotesques – the hunchback, the cut-down Caesar, the female clown with the huge 'schnozzola', the giant with the artificial leg, the blind man and the beautiful girl. Naturally, the band is already prone to 'synagogue melancholy' but the narrator, wary ever since Herr Kühl confiscated his Chick Webb, isn't likely to risk much syncopation on the monstrous horn. All he provides, in fact, is Bavarian promptings until the real bass saxist staggers on stage to wrestle jazzily with the monster, an Adrian Rollini, a Charlie Yardbird before his time, startling Kühl's cosily fascistic reveries.

In 'Emöke', our narrator tries to seduce a religious girl by means of a whispered blues at a dance in a dull workers' resort:

> a poem borne by the strange magic of this crazy age of telecommunications from the heart and throat of a half-stoned black shouter of the Memphis periphery to the vocal chords of a Prague intellectual in this social hall in a recreation centre in the socialist state of Czechoslovakia.

He would succeed, too, were it not for a lecherous schoolmaster who shops him with gossip about mistresses. A 'sub-man' of no morality, neither Marx's nor Christ's, with no interest in Louis Satchmo Dippermouth Armstrong, the pedagogue strands the narrator with only a jazz-inspired legend of Emöke, of beauty and art against the indifference of death and the camps. But as Emöke haunts, so these stories will survive hauntingly, haunted for their own part by human survivors from the black underground, the legendary personnels of the Crescent City.

Calder's *New Writing and Writers* series seeks its inspirations, as it culls its authors, widely, and No 15 is no less mixed than usual. Besides the long poem by Michael Horovitz and the pair of short essays by Heinrich Böll (one a nice piece about trying to survive and write in the cold of post-war Cologne) there's Jessie Kesson's nearly successful try at outdoing Lewis Grassic Gibbon's modern Scottish Romanticism. Isobel grows up through an engagingly rapid enfilade of Scots talk and Kirk hymnology, of sex and Friday-evening Bible classes. Unlike Part Two of P. J. Kavanagh's leaden-footed worry through the slower reaches of an old writer's life and reputation ('People and weather' is its rather discouraging title), 'Where the Apple Ripens' spurts and fizzes enticingly along. For energy, though, if not for likeability, even Jessie Kesson can't catch up with the collection's most unlovesome thing, Alan Brown's 'A Wind up the Willow'. If you go in for the triumph of tired porny-pic merchants, for pederasts who discard mutilated lovers in acid baths, dreaming spinsterly confectioners forced to do blow-jobs in the back of ex-cons' Oldsmobiles, and Liverpudlian thugs who like tucking into the dead babies they've got hung on meat-hooks in the larder, then Alan Brown is your kind of sludge. For me, alas, it's more or less straight vomitorium.

Jon Hassler's *Staggerford* grows on you. Just as well, for it sets out like many another page-full saga of Middle America, besprinkled (remember *Kinflicks*?) with people called Pruitt, dwelling on small-town tyrannies and above all on the character of the hicks. *Staggerford* has lots of characters, from pious Miss McGee who sees degeneracy everywhere, to school principal Stevenson who's coasting a dicky ticker, Doc Oppegaard a laughing-gas of a drinking dentist, Imogene the factual librarian, and so wartily on and on. But gradually, headed by English teacher Miles Pruitt himself, this cast, conventionally accoutred though it be with here a Smiling Refrain and there a Grumpy Reflection on Modern Youth, breaks free from its well-ordered mediocrity, and the novel becomes commendably serious about unhappiness and death.

More deftly economic of its means, *A Pocket Full of Seeds* approaches the problem of Jewish identity via the still-forming self-consciousness of an adolescent girl whose parents are taken when the Germans occupy Vichy France. Neither is more than sketched, but the nouvelle's allusiveness really draws the attention into Nicole's drama. Brought up by Catholics, she only gradually learns she's special, indeed a 'dirty Jew'. Pressure brings out her parents' Jewishness: they and their irreligious neighbours celebrate Passover (the local doctor wears his first yarmulka: he's never been in a synagogue). Sentimentality about abiding jewry looms occasionally, but mainly the crisis is used to underscore the ironic difficulty of telling about people. The father of the 'dirty Jew' labeller turns out to be an Italian socialist who's deported to certain death: the only person who'll give Nicole refuge is a well-known collaborator. Nicole has to learn not to judge hastily. Marilyn Sachs's account is warmly done, and amounts to a telling countermand to the inhumanities it broaches.

Michael Longley

Grace Darling

After you had steered your coble out
of the storm
And left the smaller islands to break
the surface,
Like draughts shaking that colossal
backcloth there came
Fifty pounds from the Queen, proposals
of marriage.

The daughter of a lighthouse keeper
and the saints
Who once lived there on birds' eggs,
rainwater, barley
And built to keep all pilgrims at a
safe distance
Circular houses with views only of the sky,

Who set timber burning on the top of
a tower
Before each was launched at last in his
stone coffin –
You would turn your back on mainland
and suitor
To marry, then bereave the waves
from Lindisfarne,

A moth against the lamp that shines
still and reveals
Many small boats at sea, lifeboats,
named after girls.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Mark Kidel

Blood on the Tracks

Bob Dylan *Earls Court*
Bob Dylan: An Illustrated History by MICHAEL GROSS *Elm Tree Books* £3.95
The Rolling Thunder Logbook by SAM SHEPARD *Penguin* £1.75

Rock'n'roll stardom usually creates a gulf between idol and fans, a distance that grows out of the separation of fantasy and ordinary existence. Success isolates, and elevates its victims above the concerns of everyday life: there is an understandable need to retreat from the rapacious demands of managers, groupies and paparazzi, to hide private personality beneath the armour of image. Bob Dylan, undoubtedly the greatest rock hero after Elvis, does not fit into the standard framework: he is enigmatic and inaccessible – protected so often by his beatnik shades – but he has risen into the million-seller league remarkably unscathed, retaining an extraordinarily strong and close link with his audience.

It is his reluctance to play the hero's part, perhaps, which has so endeared him to a generation that chose to worship the anti-hero, no longer trusting the cardboard cut-out qualities so characteristic of the Hollywood machine and its rockbiz successor. It was also the unique and powerful way in which he unified two very important strands of American (and by implication Western) culture: the popular medium of rock, music for the body rather than the mind, and the broad range of philosophies that had grown out of the beat movement, a reaction against the claims made for scientific and material progress and the mind-body dualism so fundamental to the manipulation of the natural world.

Dylan was not only closely in tune with the changing mood of the Sixties and Seventies – most particularly the retreat from conventional power politics to inner search and personal transformation – but he was also continually able to keep one step ahead of the record-buying masses, a knack that established him with ease as a cultural leader. It is questionable how much influence he has actually had, or the extent to which he has reflected rather than stimulated change, but the exact causality is irrelevant: synchronicity, not the simple billiard-ball sequence of rationalistic physics, provides a better model for understanding Dylan's place in society. The times they were a-changin', and Dylan happened to be a poet and performer telling us very clearly and eloquently what we already knew.

His approach, however, has very often been oblique. He has refused to pontificate in interviews, and his lyrics suggest rather than lay down the law, calling for an intuitive not an intellectual response. And yet, reared as we have been to demand consistency, pigeonholes, analysis and facts, we have all become students of Dylanology, sitting at the feet of a reluctant guru who is busy telling us to listen only to ourselves. We are driven into dissecting and criticising, thereby reducing his words, seeking a message where there is none. 'Don't forget,' Dylan said in a recent interview, 'I'm not a myth to myself. Only to others.'

For those who have grown up with him, Dylan has provided a myth, a model and a mirror-image. He is an enigma, someone with almost super-human powers; he is also expected to live up to the promise of alternative perfection, eschewing the corruption of commercialism, and more faithful than any other to the cause. Dylan's actual fallibility enables his audience to identify all the better with him, creating with the support of very personal and revealing song-lyrics an intimacy that is unique in the predominantly superficial and make-believe world of rock. It is not surprising, therefore, that there is an insatiable demand for Dylan material, shreds of evidence that might make the mystery more accessible. Only Dylan could have generated an A. J. Weberman, the fan who searched through his idol's rubbish, looking for clues and enlightenment. We are all suckers for titbits of Dylan gossip and endless bootleg albums, ignoring the ultimate impossibility of reaching any kind of certainty about our hero. He is just not as simple as that.

Any Dylan literature has an assured market of alert Dylanophiles, and there is no doubt that the two latest publications, coming as they do several years after Anthony Scaduto's extended and predominantly destructive gossip column, will be eagerly lapped up. It is in both cases the images that communicate most. In Michael Gross's biography, the excellent collection of photographs (many of them unpublished before) chronicle Dylan's progress from a youthful but not entirely innocent Hibbing high-school student to the decidedly less arrogant and weatherbeaten divorcé of more recent years. He is very photogenic and strikes an eye-catching pose intuitively; but this does not prevent the pictures from giving us a strong feel of his personality, even if it is only impressionistic.

The text is less revealing, in spite of its chronological catalogue of facts and a brave attempt at a modest and not too literary interpretation. Gross, or rather his very readable ghost Robert Alexander, steers clear of hagiography, linking the various stages in Dylan's career to the major political and cultural events of the last 15 years. He focuses in particular on Dylan's shift from the politics of protest to a more personal examination of society, a retreat from exhortation into a voyage of self-discovery, culminating in the visions of 'Blonde on Blonde' and the bike smash, an inevitability in terms of the progression of the Dylan myth. According to Gross, Dylan's 're-birth', awaited by fans with expectant trepidation, led him into a search for identity, a mature acknowledgment of his roots. The biography is strongest on the pre-crash era, undoubtedly his most creative period; it fails to make so much of the more ambiguous and erratic years that produced 'Self Portrait', 'New Morning', 'Planet Waves' and 'Blood on the Tracks'.

Michael Gross's book does fill a serious gap, providing a well-documented and probably accurate blow-by-blow account of Dylan's career so far, but it is too linear and uniform in mood to do its subject justice. Any effort to pin Bob Dylan down is bound to fail: Dylan, like all true heirs of the beat generation, is himself too dedicated to the ever-flowing change of the here-and-now. He has resisted falling into an easy formula, perpetually surprising his followers with unexpected moves and stylistic changes. Sam Shepard's chronicle of the early part of the Rolling Thunder Tour – as a collaborator on the script of what was to become *Renaldo and Clara* – comes closer to presenting, in book form, the actuality of the Dylan experience. It is episodic and intuitive, assuming no logical link between events, except those created by the imagination. The pictures, mostly by Ken Regan, the official tour photographer, are once again stronger than the text, alluding as they do so powerfully to moods and fleeting moments. One of the best shows Dylan sitting by his wife Sara in the rain, looking up towards her with almost child-like love and admiration. It is to Regan's credit that he has avoided any hint of voyeurism, communicating instead a real sense of the crazy atmosphere on the tour.

But like Gross's book, *Rolling Thunder Logbook* stays on the dark side of the enigma, revealing very little of Dylan's character. A good deal more of the mystery was uncovered in a *Playboy* interview published last March, an occasion on which Dylan seems to have cooperatively exposed a credible and unusually articulate portrait of himself, an image perhaps best characterised by its ordinariness and quiet self-deprecation. There is a confidence too – with less aggression than in the days when he felt more vulnerable to the assault of the media – which no doubt provides the basis for Dylan's unquestionable charisma, a presence which comes over most strongly, as Shepard forcefully describes, when he stands before an audience.

The six concerts held at Earls Court offered a much greater sense of the real Robert Zimmerman, exposing, with the minimum of defences, his frailty, shyness and lack of pretention. No book can adequately describe Dylan's power as he stands alone – in spite of his 11 supporting musicians – facing his thousands of fans. The buzz of being there seems to affect his heart rather than his head, and unlike the many egocentric peacocks of the rock world, he played at Earls Court as if it were Gerde's Folk City, the small New York club where it all began. His movements and gestures – natural, restrained, a little awkward – and the raw emotion in his voice set Dylan apart from his fellow superstars.

The music was incomparable. He played many of his most popular songs, but each was re-interpreted and often radically changed in mood. While some of his audience might have preferred time-capsule versions of the Greatest Hits, Dylan chose, in characteristic fashion, to turn his back on the past, refusing to become frozen for the sake of a lasting image and a recognisable product. The best moments, including a stunning version of *Tangled up in Blue* – tight with emotion, and yet adventurous and free – surpassed all the

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clichés of rock. It was good to see Dylan live, but even better to enjoy the music as well as the myth.

Sport

Russell Davies

Casque Warfare

The unluckiest loser of the week seems to have been John Conteh, who failed to regain the WBC World Light Heavyweight Championship from the Yugoslav Mate Parlov in Belgrade. Or rather, failed to regain it obviously enough. As the bizarrely prolonged career of Richard Nixon demonstrated, the Americans have a very nearly indestructible respect for the official incumbent of any office, however unworthy he proves; and the American judges on this occasion evidently could not find it in their hearts to dislodge Parlov, even though the referee in the ring – another American, to be fair – scored in Conteh's favour by six clear points (this after making the statutory deductions following two official cautions against Conteh for carelessness of head and elbow). It all encourages one to ask rather drearily unsporting questions about who boxing judges are, and what relationship exists between them and the promoting syndicates (among whom Conteh's one-man band policy of self-management has long been regarded as a great nuisance). It even makes one wonder whether these particular judges were not bending over backwards to favour the Communist bloc's first world champion. Not in the spirit of détente, naturally, but in the cause of world-wide professional boxing – for Parlov is good for business generally, since his very existence as a champion opens up the possibility of vast new markets, from Czechoslovakia to Cuba. How did Parlov's handlers, by the way, expect to get away with coating their man's vulnerably jutting eyebrows with plastic skin?

Come to that, how does Brian Clough expect to get away with coating his vulnerably jutting ego with plastic opinions? His attempt to maintain a pose of gaudy controversiality throughout ITV's coverage of the World Cup has been the horror-story of the tournament. His thoughts have not often been better than banal, and the way they are expressed, with an abruptness both sulking and prissy (and an amazing repertoire of sidelong glances, ranging from the paranoid to the coy, in the direction of Brian Moore), has made it almost impossible to imagine how Clough can have inspired his team to such a remarkable run of results last season. At any rate, he appears to have depressed the life out of his fellow-panellists, and to have filled Moore with a perpetual fear of a 'scene' – and well might he fear one, with Clough barking 'what're ya smiling, like that, at *me* for?' at him, like a fight-picker in a public bar. A man easy to wonder at, and ever more difficult to admire.

I shall be mildly surprised if by this time Italy and Argentina have not won through to the World Cup Final. Holland do look well placed at this moment to get there ahead of Italy; but their defence is so leaky, and the Italians' so good – Zoff, their last line of defence, has had small chance to show his quality yet – that I find it hard to imagine Italy coming out of the game without a result as good as the one Scotland achieved. The Dutch, to their supporters, must be an infuriating side. To the rest of us, they are hilariously entertaining – prodigal, individualistic, seemingly capable of scoring at will when they absolutely have to, but careful to give the opposition a goal or two's start before ripping into their best form.

Between the Argentinians and the Brazilians there isn't a lot to choose, by which I expect I mean that I don't much care for either lot. The Brazilians have been improving faster, but there was plenty of room for that, and they were much aided towards a return to form by a dreadfully pessimistic performance from Peru, who came out as though weighed down by five centuries of defeats against Brazil. The Argentinians may well profit by the same fixation – though against Poland they were even luckier than they had been against France. Poland should have got at least a draw, and would have done if Deyna's penalty had gone in. In my view, the penalty incident should have been a goal anyway: it seems to me unfair that a team should do all the considerable work involved in beating a modern defence, and then be thwarted by an athletic handball on the line. It would make sense if referees were given the power – in cases such as this, where it was utterly certain that the ball was bound for goal – to award a 'penalty goal', similar to the 'penalty try' in rugby. In cases where the illegally stopped shot's destination was at all debatable, the penalty kick would be awarded in the usual way. (It is always most just, of course, when the handball only makes the ball's entry into the net the more satisfying, as it did in the case of Rüssmann's attempt to catch Van der Kerkhof's equaliser in the Holland-Germany game.)

There have been many moans in the cricket columns that the Test Matches so far have been no contest, but I think there is much encouragement to be taken from two such emphatic results. Some of the new England players – Botham outstandingly – have a taste for piling on the agony when they are on top, and this is an instinct that has been missing from English cricket, and possibly from all British sport, for too long. Fortunately there is the helmet controversy to keep further debate alive. Such clubbable stalwarts as Denis Compton and Peter West, neither of whom is likely to face a Bob Willis brain-scrambler in the immediately foreseeable future, have pronounced the new protective fashion 'unmanly'; or at least, Compton has so pronounced it, and West has sat beside him wearing a bottom-teeth-baring, lemon-sucking expression he never affected on *Come Dancing*.

Surely the real argument against these glinting casques is that they divert and obstruct the batsman's senses, especially his eyes. He is liable to be blinded or confused by glints in a plain plastic visor, while protective bars across his face must leave his field of vision cratered with blind spots. A brown-tinted upturned Polaroid goldfish bowl seems the only answer – either that, or a new line in 'Brian Close Brand' prosthetic Frankenstein skulls, or 'temple blocks', tuned, for percussive effect, to the key of B flat.

Geoffrey Grigson

Supplementary Obit

Grigson writes:

Farewell to the ne plus ultra
Telly dictator of culture,
Who was greedy and dry as a vulture.
If his taste in red wines was perfection,
His opinions on art
Were not worth a fart,
And his women were not worth connection.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Lab-Rat

The Jail Diary of Albie Sachs *Warehouse*
Every Good Boy Deserves Favour *Mermaid*

Half-way through David Edgar's *Jail Diary* it occurred to me that the best way to convey the bleakness and enervation of imprisonment would be to trap the audience in its seats and, with or without the help of usherettes with whips, oblige it to spend the evening staring at a wall and bars; and even that would do little to communicate the ordeal of Albie Sachs, arrested by the South African security hounds under the 90-Day Law, rearrested the moment of his release, and so held in solitary confinement for just on six months. It is a theatrical problem of some substance, and perhaps more than that, since continual cutting from exercise period to meal to chat with jailor to interview, re-interview and re-re-interview with the secret police is likely to give spectators the impression that the victim, so far from being subjected to a penological practice most decent people would equate with torture, actually has trouble slotting appointments into his overcrowded diary. As if recognising the danger, Edgar empties his stage just before the interval and makes us watch Peter McEnery's Sachs for two minutes of silence and immobility; but two minutes is, of course, only two minutes. The young lawyer had to keep himself sane for another 179 days, 23 hours and 58 minutes, very little of it in company.

Curiously, this is a subject that provides one of the very few instances of drama influencing public policy. Galsworthy's *Justice* so appalled the Edwardians with its picture of nervous ruin that the iniquitous practice of putting felons into solitary for the first weeks of their sentence was stopped. The play's most celebrated scene had the weedy little anti-hero circling his cell 'like an animal pacing his cage', 'gasping for breath' and, eventually, 'flinging himself against his door and beating on it'. Well, there's no prospect of the South African slavemasters changing their ways

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because of a play in London, or even in New London. It would also, no doubt, be historically inaccurate to suggest that Sachs, a brave and determined man with inner resources denied to most, deteriorated into the tormented lab-rat imagined by Galsworthy. All the same, it's right that the world should be reminded of what is, by now, one of the milder varieties of oppression in a state where prisoners regularly defenestrate themselves or kick in their own heads; and, if the reminder is to have power, the mental and physical effects of solitary confinement should be made apparent. Surely Sachs came nearer to disintegration, plumbed deeper into despair, than Edgar allows. Surely there are opportunities, even with the present script, for McEnery to make us share the horror of not knowing how many multiples of 90 he must endure alone.

As it is, all is clenched endurance and gritty distress, not quite enough under the circumstances. Still, there are good things to be said both for Mr McEnery, so unpretentious and unflinching in his insistence on 'hating the lash, but not the men who wield it', and for Mr Edgar. He should have told us more about his hero's background, his communist convictions and the degree of his involvement with black revolutionaries. He might have expanded the play's conclusion, which reveals that Sachs, having resisted his inquisitors for 180 days, quickly submitted when he was arrested two years later and systematically deprived of sleep. To reduce this not-insignificant information to a cursory coda is a bit like playing the overture and forgetting the opera. But there's also much about the play to remind you of the last political investigation mounted by Mr Edgar and the RSC: *Destiny*.

That was always more anxious to understand and analyse the appeal of the National Front than to denounce it as a fascist excrescence; and this has similar strengths. Many of Sachs's jailors were likeable, or at least sympathetic, and with one, a slow-witted ex-Nazi derided by the Cape Town pros, he established quite a rapport. Here's the embittered, embattled psychology of the Afrikaner. Here's the partisan fundamentalism, which can somehow persuade itself that whole chunks of scripture are tacit attacks on racial mongrelisation. But here, too, is viciousness. A policeman casually remarks to Sachs, just as he is deciding on surrender, that a colleague was reinstated in the force after being found guilty of 'filling a kaffir with water and jumping on him'; and his flagging resolve is recharged. Easy for a committed left-wing dramatist to write off South Africa as a sac of pus dangling from its continent's rump. Less easy to show how the poison corrupts perfectly amiable people, and how some of them may remain individually seductive even after contamination. Mr Edgar deserves credit for having chosen the more constructive alternative.

The RSC's second offering, *The Dance of Death*, will have to wait a bit longer for its plaudits, owing to shortage of space, the length of my tongue, and the importunate Tom Stoppard. *Every Good Boy*, you recall, involves two patients in a Soviet asylum: one an authentic madman, whose obsession is music, the other a political protester. In fact, they are each the embryonic idea for a different play, and if they now blend more seamlessly than at the Festival Hall last year it is largely because the director, Trevor Nunn, has accepted the recommendations of my one-man working party. The toweringly dotty John Wood has been replaced by the more manageably feverish Ian McDiarmid, and the onstage orchestra has shrunk by half, with the result that the fantasies of the lunatic no longer overwhelm the dreads of the dissident, himself now played by a grey and grim John Woodvine. The TV play, *Professional Foul*, reconciled Stoppard's larky wit more successfully with his new dedication to political protest; but this, too, is full of indignation and imaginative bravura, and generally leaves the impression of a Solzhenitsyn spinning and turning intricate somersaults on an icerink for intellectuals.

Films

John Coleman

Keeping Mum

The Stepford Wives (AA) *Paris Pullman; Phoenix*
The Medusa Touch (A) *Plaza 1*
Dersu Uzala (U) *Curzon*

He is a peculiar case, is Bryan Forbes, 50 if he's a day, and as much an element in our wretched home film industry as anyone. In his time he has played many parts, and a little season of his works is currently concluding at the NFT. He has been a weedyish actor (trembling chin and vowels), a quite nifty scriptwriter in a profoundly conventional way, a producer and a director. In this last role, he has turned out more curate's eggs than anyone I can think of off-hand. *King Rat* was nearly good, and so was *The Whisperers*, with Edith Evans doing an extraordinary down-market job. It is this approximation to turning out the real goodie that makes him so irritating. I cannot quite put my evil finger on it: where he steadily fails, I mean. He is terribly professional, knowing where to cut his footage in the alertest way, and this is always alarming for the critic – who simply lacks his experience (I am prepared to accept, up to a point, the charge that critics don't *do*, they review instead, while believing that some criticism is a damn sight more creative than films one is invited to comment on: one couldn't, after all, wheel away weekly otherwise) – but there is a basic blankness. He is good but not good enough. Reviewers are supposed by 'creators' to be nature's crud, but I am not particularly enjoying putting down Mr Forbes.

It is four years, I think, since he made *The Stepford Wives* and, without having read the book of the film (by the bankable Ira Levin), I can understand how it seemed like a sound idea over lunch. The story, as readjusted by the skilful William Goldman, concerns women shoved out to relatively rural Connecticut by their husbands: the notion is that they cut out of the big city for suburban peace and quiet. The principal character is very persuasively played by Katharine Ross. She is a kind of amateur-professional photographer, in her spare time, but wives in the Connecticut suburb of Stepford do not have spare time: they are too busy making cakes, hoovering, polishing, keeping the home beautiful. This is fine and sinister, neatly set up. Two crucial things happen: her husband, an executive of sorts, joins a local men's association, looking a shade sweaty about it; the marvellously rangy Paula Prentiss, another newcomer to Stepford, drops by and queries the neighbourhood set-up. Like Miss Ross, she is reasonably Women's Lib. She is also splendidly funny. Trouble now enters: should one give the plot away? It is extremely hard to describe the event without doing so. I assume if I say feminine robots have something to do with it – and Mr Forbes lets himself down in a closing, supermarket sequence, where all the ladies are frilly-bosomed, hatted zombies to a degree they have not been before, utter objects – that there is a residue of tale I have not divulged. It is not easy to care much. As a *Playboy* parable, even, it is thickly implausible, though rather well made. That is why it has been kicking its heels so long.

Jack Gold is a colossally in-and-out film maker, home-bred and erratic. He really is one of our best, but *The Medusa Touch* is sustained nonsense. It is so painfully poor that it drags me back to my posture as a supine commentator: what am I doing slumped before these artefacts? How could *he* commit himself to *this*? Where did he persuade himself he was on to something? He can't be let off lightly, if only because he has made good films, both for the box and the big screen: he ought to know. Okay, enough of that. It is a thoroughly stupid puzzle-picture, with the first reel unreadable until you have seen the last reel. You might say it reels about. It barely contains Richard Burton in a noteworthy number of flashbacks: he is the chap with the dire eyes that knock planes out of the sky, kill wives and people more innocent than that, threaten even our lovely queen and her assembled ministers in a cracking cathedral. One more, I assume, one is supposed to keep mum about the dénouement or end. Willingly, I do.

The finest film of the week is Akira Kurosawa's *Dersu Uzala*, made in 1975. Something less than great, it is – correctly – remarkable: it is to be seen. Its length works against it (141 minutes); it has a manner of in-built stolidity that bores as frequently as it charms. It is that devious Japanese humanist, Kurosawa, working in Russia. He had terrible physical problems making this movie, lighting and weather; set in *taiga* country it didn't turn out quite as he wanted it to. But it is, here and there, a masterwork. Based on the turn-of-the century memoirs of one captain, Vladimir Arsenyev, a topographer and gent, it establishes a canny, fascinating relationship between him and a troll-like primitive (Maxim Munzuk, a veteran actor from the Tuva theatre) who has a private relationship with nature, talking to trees, building a leafy shelter for them when things get rough. The superpeasant begins to go blind and there is a sequence where Arsenyev (beautifully performed by Yuri Solomin) harbours him – to Dersu's complete misery – in the city. Essentially, the occasion is about animism. At best, it has a sweep and grandness of territory. It heaves with a unique, panoramic breath or breadth. It's a toss-up whether pantheistic Dersu or the shifting landscape should be considered the star.

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Jazz

Charles Fox

Fifty Years On

'The Best of Louis Armstrong' *Parlophone* £3.89
'Louis Armstrong Memorial' *CBS* (2 LPs) £5.49
Charlie Parker: 'One Night in Birdland' *CBS* (2 LPs) £5.49
John Coltrane: 'Afro Blue Impressions' *Pablo* (2 LPs) £7.69

Getting all the important facts into an opening paragraph used to be a practice urged upon would-be newspapermen. Musicians often contrived to do something very similar, even Louis Armstrong. Fifty years ago next Wednesday – on June 28, 1928 – Armstrong walked into the Okeh studios in Chicago and recorded 'West End Blues', a tune composed by his father-figure, Joe Oliver. He started it off with a dazzling cadenza, underlining what had happened to jazz during the 1920s. From being a group music, very much a matter of players fitting together, it was now dominated by the individual soloist.

That performance had commercial uniqueness too. Released in Britain in October, 1929 – Parlophone R448, the first in the 'New Rhythm Style Series' – it survived as a 78 until the 1950s. By then it was already reissued on microgroove. So, at one speed or another, 'West End Blues' has been obtainable – in Britain, at any rate – ever since the day it came out. Even now, as the result of a long-ago carve-up of the Okeh catalogue, it is available on anthologies released by two competing labels.

Towards the middle of the record there is a piano solo by Earl Hines, not far below Armstrong in stature. Otherwise, when Armstrong is not playing or singing (his scat chorus is deliciously plaintive) the music is the work of journeymen. Perhaps that even helps to give it shape. After that scintillating start comes a descent, then the slow haul up to the nobility – not a fashionable epithet nowadays, but it fits – of the close.

'West End Blues' may not be Louis Armstrong's greatest record. It was certainly the one which made most impact on his contemporaries. Rasher spirits set out to imitate those opening fireworks. More prudent trumpeters studied the method, the grammar that Armstrong devised – intuitively of course – for the jazz improviser. Nobody could equal the richness of his sound. There was, though, the way the notes got squeezed out, how they were given a sense of direction. Trumpet playing – and not just *jazz* trumpet playing – was never the same again.

Nearly 20 years had to elapse before anyone else established such an overwhelming presence. And Charlie Parker cultivated a more wayward style, his phrasing not at all symmetrical. In after years, Charles Mingus subtitled one of his compositions: 'If Charlie Parker Were A Gunslinger There'd Be A Whole Lot Of Dead Copycats.' Not that all the plagiarists got away with it. It was easy to master the better-known licks, let alone sounding slighly sharp, slightly sullen. Much more elusive was Parker's rhythmic identity, where he placed his notes.

Half the tracks on *One Night In Birdland* have been released in Britain before. Three – 'Night in Tunisia', 'I'll Remember April' and the lengthiest version of '52nd Street Theme' – appear for the first time anywhere. The quartet includes Bud Powell, Art Blakey and the trumpeter Fats Navarro, every bit as remarkable as Dizzy Gillespie but unluckier. Where the finest Armstrong performances tend to be majestic, the playing here is vivid, fast, slightly feverish. Birdland, of course, was the New York club named after the saxophonist. The recordings were probably taken off the radio, which explains the uneven quality. Discographers claim it all happened on June 30, 1950, but the sleeve-note writer is sceptical. After all, he argues, Fats Navarro died – of TB – on July 7. Was it likely he would sound so good only a week earlier?

Had circumstances demanded it, Armstrong and Parker could have operated alongside one another, blowing on a twelve-bar blues or a standard set of chords – even if Parker threw in some extra harmonies. But both men would have had trouble jamming with the John Coltrane Quartet. By the end of the 1950s explorers were using new maps. Coltrane, of course, was not the only musician with a fresh approach. Ornette Coleman abandoned chord sequences too, but in favour of a way of improvising that was deeply idiosyncratic. Coltrane, on the other hand, offered a method; which is why he can be heard in the work of most saxophonists of the past two decades.

By the time *Afro Blue Impressions* was recorded, Elvin Jones had defined a style of drumming closer to the standstill of Indian music than the forward thrust of swing. Coltrane had pared his raw material down to just a couple of chords – but these were reshaped, extended, transformed. The great solos of Armstrong and Parker can be carried inside your head. What you remember of Coltrane, however, is the intensity with which he pursues his method, the audacity of the permutation. Yet in the end these are just aspects of emotion and imagination, applicable to the earlier musicians too; the very things, in fact, which yoke those innovative saxophonists of the 1940s and 1960s with the innocent young genius who created that three-minute masterpiece half a century ago.

Television

Julian Barnes

Knockers

I'm not particularly keen to come back to the subject of Esther quite so quickly, but this week we have been enjoined to consider *A Woman's Place* (BBC-2) and the current portrayal of women in newspapers and television. In any case the subject has, I admit, been preying on my mind lately, ever since Esther's

This album says everything about Will Shakespeare without a single word.

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disturbing appearance on *Russell Harty* (LWT). If you concentrated on the smokey glass table between the crouched couple, you might have noticed a third face gradually swim into focus, as in an astrologer's crystal ball: it was the face of Simon Dee. Was the giggling camaraderie of Esther and Russ merely the shared self-pleasure of box-created people; or were they laughing to ward off their background fears, and the menacing realisation that it's a short step from having attentive make-up girls swabbing the sweat off your upper lip to being sued for non-payment of the rates?

The chat was predictably coy (Russ: 'And I gather you also had trouble with your knackers.' *Audience hoots.* Esther: 'Actually, that was a boutique called Knockers.' *Audience in hysterics.* 'I didn't have any trouble with *my* knockers.' *Red Cross men move among audience*); but at one point Esther, asked about her success, replied, 'If there are any girls out there envying me, I'd say, remember I'm a prototype.' So that's the name for her. In years to come, then, the Esther will be modified and refined, made even more successful ('Of course I'm not successful,' murmured the Prototype bashfully), will improve its ratings of 15 million (watching will become compulsory), and may even increase its capacity for that embarrassing self-contradiction which, in the old days, men used to hold against women. Take this week's *Radio Times*, and turn to the full-page, pull-out (I know – I've tried) soft-focus photo of Esther dressed for Ascot in her fox-fur dream hat. The text thoughtfully reassures us that 'the fact that it was fur did worry her, because she objects to the killing of animals to provide status symbol coats and hats'. But not, you conclude, to their killing to provide extra publicity for Esther Rantzen. (Just how seriously, one occasionally wonders, does anyone on *That's Life* take the preachy parts of the show? A couple of days after the first programme, which had castigated the maltreatment of veal calves, one of the chief researchers, I'm told, was spotted ostentatiously ordering veal in a London restaurant).

The point of all this, in case you're wondering, is how the most famous woman in television is, and allows herself to be, promoted. *A Woman's Place*, which examined the media's treatment of women during December 1977, might have benefited from personal testimony by someone on the receiving end of trivial, erotic and sensational distortion. Instead, it remained a fairly routine run-through of women's legitimate gripes. An ex-model told how she'd kicked the habit of wanting to look like a fashion plate; a photographer needlessly explained the different images of women in skin mags and fashion mags (the former are how *chaps* want to see them, the latter how women want to see *themselves*); a member of the NUJ Equality Working Party showed us charts proving how women appeared in the press as dependent and patronisable objects; and a film operative identified the humilating soap-opera categories of Dumb Blonde, Dizzy Little Thing and Nagging Wife, without beginning to convince us that male stereotypes are more sympathetically presented (who do you feel for in *The Good Life*?).

It wasn't, I hope, merely a male reaction to feel that all these women were largely right in their intentions and almost wholly inept in their techniques of propaganda. If the 'fragrance market' – as the scent business apparently calls itself – takes an annual £45m over the counter, it isn't going to be much shaken by a group of Hackney photographers thinking up sarcastic slogans to paste on its adverts; and if the *Sun* has overhauled the *Mirror* by a relentless display of tit, it's not going to abandon that advantage on receiving a judiciously phrased memo from an NUJ working party. As far as one could judge, it wasn't humour (the ritual complaint of the threatened male) which these women lacked — though the programme had one some way off the floor; or, probably, anger; but rather, perhaps, that active fusion of the two called satire. If, as is apparently the case, blindfolded women invariably can't tell one scent from another, then maybe this should be the subject not for automatic sniping at a male-dominated exploitative industry, but for rude laughter from their own sex. But where are the great women satirists? 'Women are really much nicer than men: No wonder we like them.' Or should even that sentiment now be regarded as an antique putdown?

Russell Davies has threatened me with a good Adidas clogging if I mention the W★rld C★p this week, so I'll only say that the adverts inspired by the holy event have so far – apart from the witty Citizen Quartz number – been very disappointing. The Chrysler ad, featuring the Scottish squad ('Chrysler Avenger wins the World Cup' – they must have taken ages thinking that one up) had a mercifully brief screening; but still toiling on, and backed up by heavy round-the-ground hoardings in Argentina, is the bafflingly incompetent Gillette GII clip. This has already had an astoundingly long life, presumably because someone up at Gillette is over the moon with the slogan 'Give your beard the old one-two'. When the ad was first seen, about a year ago, it starred a chubbily avuncular Tommy Docherty explaining the principles of shaving to Gordon Hill and Lou Macari, followed by some action shots. Almost at once, however, tragedy struck: the Doc's passion for the Man Utd physio's wife cost him his job and his place as a shaving expert (Gordon Hill, I seem to recall, grew a moustache last season, but that may be by the way). Now, bereft of the United trio, the ad looks wan and boneless; strangest of all, the bit of faded soccer action currently used to illustrate 'the old one-two' consists of a long looping cross from the right touchline, which is met by a netbound header. Millions of soccer fans, I assume, are contemptuously going electric.

Christopher Reid

Our Commune

'A jungle is a machine for climbing,'
somebody said,
and then set up this aluminium plumbing

to prove it. Pipes intersect neatly
overhead,
where most of us lounge and dangle,
or sprout directly

out of bare concrete, with angular U-
bends instead
of branches. Very Bauhaus! We make do

with just enough room to swing a monkey,
go to bed
on shelves and indulge in public hanky-panky

like the true Cynics. It could be ideal,
but is it? Dead
bored, a pink-tongued gorilla picks a meal

out of his armpit, reclining as if
at a Roman spread:
his right hand mimes the cigarette that
would give him

perfect pleasure . . . Spider-monkeys,
who nurse a dread
of stopping still, play tag on their trapeze

and ignore the puny macaque that hangs
like an old, underfed
market chicken from one of the
exercise-rings.

We study bananas and meditation.
That foul shed
over there houses our guru, the
wryly patient

mandrill, whose yellow satyr's beard,
fangs, bright-red
nose and fluted cheeks make him so revered.

Auburn, olive, ashy, white:
every thread
of his coat is remarkable. His hands
are folded tight

across his apron, but offer him
a hunk of bread,
and he'll show you his eloquent
brown-and-lilac bottom.

Weekend Competition

No 2520 **Set by Little Keith**

Twelve lines, please, on the Scottish effort in Argentina, in the style of any Scottish poet, by July 7.

Result of No 2517 Set by Victoria Plumb

We wanted Dickensian scenes in the style of Nabokov, Amis or Mailer.

Report **byFat Jeff**

A dauntingly slim spread this week, as you see (and nothing to do with space either – we'd have been given faggots of room if we could have filled it). Parodies of this kind must spread their fingers in two directions: *you* kept forgetting poor old Chuck. No so the winners, for whom £5 each. I have news for you of some potentially dangerous manoeuvrings in the comp complex. Fatboy, heedless of the awful fate which recently befell Dan Drough, has been stirring. Watch this space.

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Estella

I had (and how that dash from aspirantal sigh to conclusive consonant catches to pluperfection my own too headlong earthly career!), courtesy of some blowsy gossip, heard of Estella's Pipless past. Behind the Hollywood clichés of this weepy rewrite (Estella as papier-mâché Garbo perpetually languishing on impossible chaise-longues) I thought I could trace the lineaments of a possible truth. She had married a boorish petty-businessman with a sideline in trite sadism, who beat her conscientiously until, one delightful spring morning, a badgered nag of his casually crunched his vacant skull. Now, my Stella! If I could only conjure up the sentimental dickens of an ending to our story! A foggy evening, ghosts whispering in the elms, the throaty tones of remembered, trivial anguish. Alas, my dear, it's sham enough for us; so, reader, let it stand, make that your final soft-toned snap of your author and his dead darling.

BARRY TAYLOR

Why Are We in Chancery?

Smog. Yellowly it occupied the heartlands of the Republic; acridly it moved on the fringes of the raggedy raggedy edge. Down there in the bottommost concrete reaches of tower block finance, the Citadel of Wasp empire, it lurked; up there in the theatres of the air (oh television USA which believed True Glamour was Jack and Marilyn) it curdled. Smog curled and filtered through throbbing air-conditioners. Smog ventilated the very bedrooms, the pulse of the nation beat to it. What smog-blessed sex action breathed that atmosphere, guilt and damnation steaming in every pore? There was a question to tax the Gruyere mind of your Novelist Reporter. Smog; the truest American symbol (are you listening El Ernesto out in machismo Eternity?) of Existential uncertainty, dread bureaucracy reducing nobility, manhood, to toilet training; the shit of taboo to number two. It was, he noted, a complex smog of sorts.

ROY KELLY

Dixon Papers

As Sam watched his father shoving Stiggins's head under the pump for the fortieth time, he marvelled at the precision with which the old boy ducked the Shepherd just long enough to administer the torments of drowning without ever actually letting him succumb. Instant nostalgia suffused him. They were going to miss the former spiritual mentor of the Brick Lane branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association. It was not just the sheer quality of his moral decomposition; not just the high-octane fury this collector's piece of whining parasitism so regularly excited. Cadging, canting, halitotic old soak that he was, he represented a clerical tradition that you at least knew where the hell you were with. As long as clergymen remained pious humbugs and unashamed freeloaders, there was small risk of their committing much in the way of a real public nuisance. But now a new breed was spawning – sincere, concerned, ever-more-wet-and-with-it-than-thou. Sam shivered at the thought . . .

JONATHAN FERNSIDE

Disrepair

After a sleep-extinguished, train-disturbed night of foreboding in the station hotel, the warm, hope-radiating dawn greatly comforted him, as he waited on the platform.

Though he realised this was the day of reckoning – his contango day – his fear-thronged mind, heartened by the sun's spreading, serene ambience, now accommodated fond and sentimental though alien thoughts of home.

Pacing the silent platform slowly, he suddenly recoiled with terror as Dombey appeared. When their eyes met, Carker, fear griping shock-watery intestines, staggered back – to fall headlong on the line. Stunned, transfixed, he watched his implacable pursuer's expression of refined hate and condemnation change abruptly to fear and horror, and wheeling round, observed, too late, the raging, fire-eating iron juggernaut upon him; heard faint, strangled, urgent look-cries . . .

Then the locomotive hit him, disdainfully tossing his pulverised cadaver forward, like a saw-dust doll, under its bisecting, dismembering, disembowelling wheels.

PASCOE POLGLAZE

Tony Miles

Chess

No. 88 **The Aaronson Swiss-Event**

Following the success of the Lloyd's Bank tournament last year, another large FIDE-rated swiss event was held in London recently. This was sponsored by Aaronson Brothers and attracted an entry of 72 (including nine IMs) from 14 different countries.

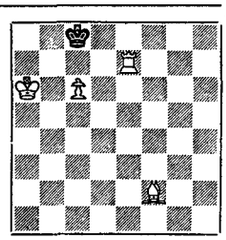
The following game was surely the most entertaining of the tournament.

White: P. G. Large **Black: J. M. Ripley**

1. P-K4, P-QB4; 2.N-KB3, P-Q3; 3. P-Q4, PxP; 4. NxP, N-KB3; 5. N-QB3, N-B3; 6. B-QB4, Q-N3; 7. N-N3, P-K3; 8. 0-0, P-QR3; 9. P-QR4, B-K2; 10. P-R5, Q-B2; 11. B-K2, 0-0; 12. K-R1, N-Q2; 13. P-B4, N-B4; 14. NxN, PxN; 15. P-K5. White, not unreasonably, ignores his QRP, putting his trust in a K side attack. **15 . . .NxRP; 16. B-Q3, R-Q1; 17. N-K4!?** Preparing an amazing combination. White needs a little bit of help for it to work properly, but it's still a lovely idea. **17 . . .P-B5; 18. N-B6ch! PxN** (BxN also deserved consideration) **19. BxPch, KxB?** Black plays his part admirably, eating everything in sight. On this occasion, however, it would be better to decline with 19 . . . K-B1 (20. Q-N4, K-K1) when White would be pressed to justify his play. The text leads to indigestion. **20. Q-R5ch, K-N1; 21. B-Q2!** Probably only now did Black realise the seriousness of his plight. This fine 'quiet' move prepares R-B3. If 21 . . .P-B4; 22. R-B3, B-B1; 23. R-KR3, B-N2; 24. B-N4! P-B3; 25. Q-R7ch, K-B2; 26. R-KN3, R-KN1; 27. Q-N6mate. The last chance was 21 . . .PxP and if 22. R-B3, B-B3. But the simple 22. P-P poses problems. Black continues his meal. **21 . . .RxB; 22. R-B3, R-NP;** Joining in the fun. If 23. KxR, Q-B3. **23. R-KR3! K-B1; 24. Q-R8ch, R-N1; 25. QxRch! KxQ; 26. R-N1ch, K-B1; 27. R-R8 mate!**

Problem No 88

White to play. Can he win? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 5 July.

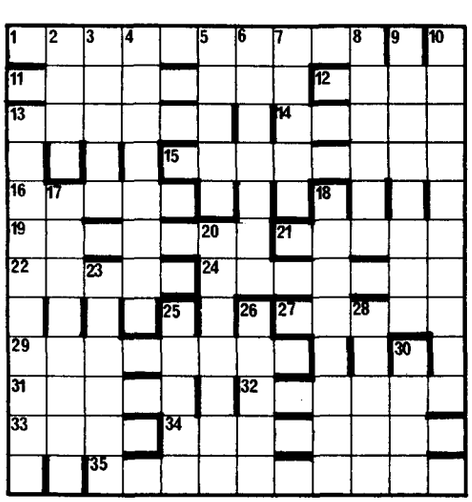


Solution to Problem 86

1 . . . N-B6! 2. NxN (or PxN, RxN; 3. RxR, BxPch wins) RxQ 3. NxR, B-B3! 4. BxB, QxB Resigns.

Salamanca 7: 'Bunches of Fives'

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 7, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 4 July.



Clues may be taken in groups of three. The first two in each group are normal leading to answers to be entered at their numbers. The third clue (indicated by a Roman numeral) consists of a definition of a five-letter word, and the letters of its answer mixed with those of the two preceding in a hidden but consecutive jumble. Solvers must determine where the twelve five-letter answers belong. Every answer is in Chambers 1977 Edition.

ACROSS

1. Animal that's germ-free, having i.e. got no bot infesting (10)
11. Necessary to automobiles having to go to Scotland without very good route mostly (8)
i). Dwelling-place of the dead belonging also i.e. to those offending god
12. This imaginary fluid shows volt-stream has no end? (4)
13. Here's one representing right, in rounds going about (6)
ii) It's a gem that's carved to make an Emir a silver brooch
15. Set up once somewhat horsy, say? (8)
19. One *could* have recorded dates of Salamanca's indigestion? (7)
iii) Name this one basic a small artisan requires for use in basket-making
24. Extremely sweet cookie with starchy centre part you have tucked into (7)
29. Ingredients of this perished when chopped? (8)
iv) Some little way across Scots border ye'll see priory huddling
32. Force without talent for the most part — that's indicative of wines (6)
33. Often time will do so to memory, endless times (4)
v) Region's flora and fauna varies so in about a year
34. Jugged beer held in both hands? Always holding this beverage? (8)
35. A caster of nativities, one among the clan e.g.? (10)
vi) Climb with a swift pace the blue Chiltern range, barely puffing

DOWN

2. Kind of thorn crown once seen on King's head (4)
4. Insignificant person in play that's raged about being collared (8)
vii) Evidently branchy, like a bark quota an elm tree has
6. Where to find dream-land for a childish time (7)
8. In mere rags? Not with this (6)
viii) Through the media I promote a product and my financier names it
9. Hearty expansion leads to one perishing (8)
10. A festival's headquarters using outside grants (10)
ix) Little lads show vile oral actions when they bolt food
13. Let's say one among the drilling soldiers (not the Sappers) is a smashing one (10)
17. Much too much content, even if right, in urgent entreaty (8)
x) Your dull routine has a hush or queer aplomb throughout
18. Little pieces from most of a bomb-strike — name the contents (8)
20. Obviously like water swelling about disturbed stretch at edges of pool (7)
xi) Vernal herbs appear in plenty on anything like a grassy hillside
23. Early tower going up a path on Scottish stream-bank's edge (6)
30. Millet, mostly coarse, rising on acre (4)
xii) Foreign language containing a daring rumour habitually

Solution to No 1265

G	A	R	B	L	E	D		B	E	T	I	M	E	S
L		U		A		I		L		R		A		L
A	M	M	A	N		P	H	A	L	A	R	O	P	E
S		I		D		S		C		M		R		I
G	E	N	T	L	E		S	K	I	P	P	I	N	G
O		A		O		S		B		S				H
W	A	T	E	R	M	E	L	O	N		M	A	R	T
		E		D		C		A		A		L		
W	A	D	E		C	O	R	R	E	G	I	D	O	R
H			B		N		D		R		E		E	
O	R	C	H	A	R	D	S		M	I	T	R	E	D
O		I		R		W		B		M		S		D
P	A	T	E	R	N	I	T	Y		O	C	H	R	E
E		E		O		N		E		N		O		E
E	N	D	O	W	E	D		S	H	Y	S	T	E	R

Prizewinners to No 1265

Mrs J. Loutz
(Le Mesnil St Denis)
F. Howard (Stockport)
Mrs McLachlan (Bristol)

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Application forms (to be returned by 11 July) and further details from the **General Secretary (AS), Acorn House, 314 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8DP.**

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New Zealand

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The qualifications and experience of the person to be appointed to the Chair should enable him or her to give strong leadership to the new Department and to library education in New Zealand. The successful candidate will be expected to establish forward-looking university courses in librarianship that extend the traditional study of books, collections and libraries to include modern techniques for the organisation, storage and retrieval of information and library system analysis, mechanisation and automation. It is also most important that candidates should have research experience and be able to offer leadership in the development of research programmes.

The successful candidate will be expected to take up duties in late 1978 or very early 1979.

Closing date: 31 July 1978.

The salary range for Professors is NZ$20,804 to $26,481 p.a., including cost of living and other allowances. Salary scales are under review and a general salary increase is expected. Fares paid to New Zealand.

Prospective applicants should obtain conditions of appointment and application procedure from the Secretary General, Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF.

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Vol. 95 No. 2466

Contents

834 **Political Notes**
835 **Godfrey Hodgson:** Carter's Terrible Dilemma
836 **Patrick Wintour:** Discordant Noises among Music Makers
837 **Anna Coote:** Unequal Education and the Law
837 **Duncan Campbell:** Rees and the Terror Manuals
838 **Peter Kellner:** Labour's Shifting Support
841 **Christopher Hird:** The Political Economy of Beer
843 **Christopher Price:** Westminster Diary
844 **Anna Coote:** Sweden
845 **Alexander Cockburn:** Poujade Comes to California
846 **Arthur Marshall:** Come Along Up
846 **Roger Woddis:** YOICKS!
847 **Letters to the Editor**

Books & Arts

848 **Peter Conrad:** Wordsworth's Letters
850 **Hermione Lee:** The Wise Wound
Other reviews by Alan Ryan, Jonathan Keates, Derek Mahon, Tom Hopkinson, John Campbell, Valentine Cunningham
856 **Mark Kidel:** Rock
857 **Russell Davies:** Sport
857 **Benedict Nightingale:** Theatre
858 **John Coleman:** Films
859 **Charles Fox:** Jazz
859 **Julian Barnes:** Television
860 **Weekend Competition**
861 **Chess and Crossword**
Poems by Michael Longley, Geoffrey Grigson and Christopher Reid

Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company). 836 6404. Recorded bkg info. 836 5332. Shakespeare's 'Coriolanus' in repertoire with Strindberg's 'The Dance of Death' (see daily press for dates and times). RSC also at The Warehouse and at the Piccadilly Theatre in Peter Nichols' 'Privates on Parade'.

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NATIONAL THEATRE 928 2252 'Macbeth', 'The Cherry Orchard', 'Brand', 'Bedroom Farce', 'Plenty', 'American Buffalo'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

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Entertainment

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CHINA—THE CONTEMPORARY SCENE. A day of talks, films, discussions & exhibition, organised by Michael Sherringham, recently returned after five years teaching in Peking. Mary Ward Centre, 9 Tavistock Place, WC1. Sat. 1 July 10.30 a.m.-4 p.m. Chinese film 'Red Blossoms on Tienshan Mountain'. 6 p.m. Adm. £3. Lunch provided extra cost.

GEORGES VEREEKEN memorial meeting organised by Workers' Revolutionary Party. Wed. 28 June 8 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Tickets 20 pence.

FOCUS GROUP, Royal Commonwealth Society, 18 Northumberland Ave, WC2, Tues. 27 June 6.30 p.m. A talk on 'Changes we need to end world instability' by Dr Kim Beazley, former Vice Chairman of the Joint Foreign & Defence Committee of the Australian Parliament, & Minister of Education '72-'75. Adm. 30p for non RCS members.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Tony Benn on 'North Sea Oil: Using the Money'. 28 June 7.30 p.m. 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. All welcome. Collection.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE, Blind Lane, Bourne End, Bucks: Sun. 25 June, Swami Bhavyananda on 'The Gospel of Divine Love' at 4 p.m. All welc. Vedanta mag. 50p.

THEOSOPHY. 'ULT Day' Commemoration Meeting. Sun. 25 June 8 p.m. S.a.e. for free pamphlet, programme & book list. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

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